

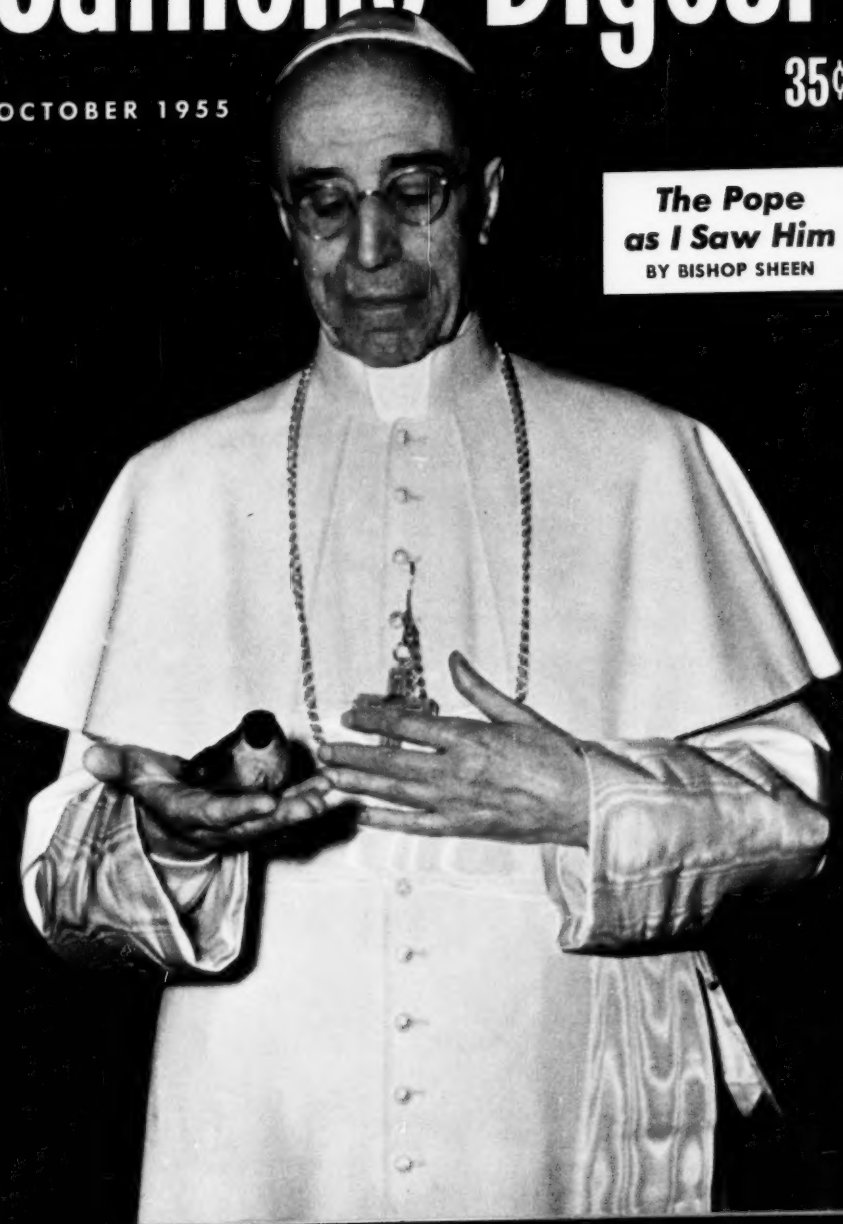
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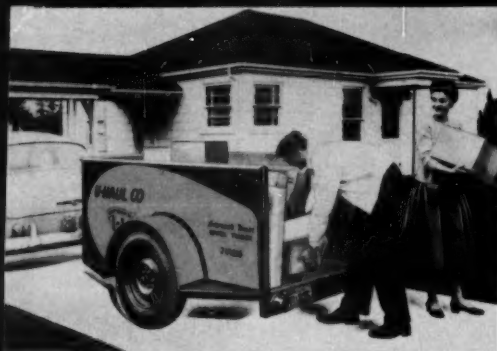
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BY BISHOP SHEEN





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VOL. 19

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COVER: The Holy Father holds one of the pet birds which he keeps in his private apartment. More color pictures follow Bishop Sheen's article (p. 62). Photography by Luigi Felici.

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*The greatest adventure in history ends on
an island named for the Saviour*

Columbus Finds the New World

By
SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON



Condensed from *Christopher
Columbus, Mariner**

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS went on board his flagship at Palos, Spain, in the early hours of Friday, Aug. 3, 1492, and gave the signal to get under way. Only a few hours before, every man and boy of the fleet had confessed and received Communion at the Church of St. George: a happy coincidence, for St. George was the patron saint of Columbus's native city, Genoa.

Before the sun rose, the *Niña*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*, with sails hanging limp from their yards, were floating down the Rio Tinto on the morning ebb. As they passed the Franciscan friary of La Rábida, the sailors heard the friars chanting the ancient hymn *Jam lucis orto sidere*, with its haunting refrain *Et nunc et in perpetuum*, "now and evermore."

Columbus's plan for a voyage around the world to the Orient was simple. He would run south before the prevailing northerlies to the Canary Islands, and there make

a right-angle turn. He had observed on his African voyages that the winter winds in the latitude of the Canaries blew from the east, and that the ocean around them, more often than not, was calm. Also, the Canaries lay astride latitude 28 degrees north, which, he believed, cut Japan, passing en route the mythical Isle of Antilia.

Chronometers to find longitude became available only about a hundred years ago. Before that sailors tried to get first in the latitude of their destination, sailing north or south. Then they would run west or east until they reached the port they sought. That is what Columbus proposed to do with respect to Japan, which he had figured out to be only 2,400 nautical miles due west of the Canaries.

The first leg of the voyage was made in less than a week. Then, within sight of the Grand Canary, the fleet ran into a calm that lasted two or three days. Columbus decided to send *Pinta*, which was

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commanded by Martin Alonso Pinzón, into Las Palmas for repairs. His own ship, *Santa Maria*, and the *Niña*, commanded by Vicente Pinzón, went on to the island of Gomera. At Gomera the captain general (as we should call Columbus on this voyage before he was made admiral) sent men ashore to fill extra water casks, buy bread-stuffs and cheese, and put a supply of native beef in pickle. He then sailed to Las Palmas to superintend *Pinta's* repairs and returned with her to Gomera.

On Sept. 2 all three ships were anchored off San Sebastián, the port of Gomera. Columbus then met Doña Beatriz de Bobadilla, widow of the former captain of the island. Beatriz was a beautiful lady still under 30. Columbus is said to have fallen in love with her; but if that is true, he did not love her warmly enough to tarry to the next full moon. On Sept. 6, the fleet weighed anchor for the last time in the Old World.

They had still another island to pass, the lofty Ferro or Hierro. Because of calms and variables, Ferro and the 12,000-foot peak of Tenerife were in sight until Sept. 9, but by nightfall that day, every trace of land had sunk below the eastern horizon. The three vessels were alone on an uncharted ocean. Columbus himself gave out the course: "West; nothing to the north, nothing to the south."

Celestial navigation was at that

time in its infancy. Rough estimates of latitude could be made from the height of the North Star above the horizon and its relation to the two outer stars (the "Guards" of the Little Dipper). A meridian altitude of the sun, applied to available tables of the sun's declination, also gave latitude, by a simple formula.

But the instruments of observation—a solid wood or brass quadrant and the seaman's astrolabe—were so crude, and so subject to error through the movement of a ship, that most navigators took their latitude sights ashore. Columbus relied almost completely on "dead reckoning," which means plotting your course and position on a chart from the three elements of direction, time, and distance.

The direction he took from a circular card graduated to 32 points, with a lodestone under the north point. The card was mounted so that it could swing freely with the motion of the ship. Columbus's standard compass was mounted on the poop deck, where the officer of the watch could see it.

The helmsman, who steered with a heavy tiller attached directly to the rudder head, was below decks and could see very little. He may have had another compass to steer by, but in smaller vessels, at least, he was conned by the officer of the deck, and kept a steady course by the feel of the helm.

Time was measured by a half-

hour glass which hung from a beam so that the sand could flow freely from the upper to the lower half. As soon as the sand was all down, a ship's boy turned the glass and the officer of the deck recorded it by making a stroke on a slate. Eight glasses made a watch; the modern ship's bells were originally a means of marking the glasses. This half-hour-glass time could be corrected daily in fair weather by noting the moment when the sun lay due south, which was local noon.

Distance was the most variable of these three elements. Columbus had no chip log or other method of measuring the speed of his vessels. He and the watch officers merely estimated it and noted it down. By carefully checking Columbus's journal of his first voyage, Captain J. W. McElroy ascertained that he made an average 9% overestimate of his distance. It did not prevent his finding the way home, because the mistake was constant, and time and course were correct. It only resulted in his placing the islands of his discovery farther west than they really were.

Even after one makes the proper reduction for the overestimate, the speed of his vessels is surprising. Ships of that day were expected to make three to five knots in a light breeze, up to $9\frac{1}{2}$ in a strong, fair gale, and to be capable at times of 12 knots. On the outward passage, the Columbus fleet made an

average of 142 miles per day for five consecutive days, and the best day's run, 182 miles, averaged eight knots. On the homeward passage, in February, 1493, *Niña* and *Pinta* covered 198 miles one day, and at times hit it up to 11 knots. Any yachtsman today would be proud to make the records that the great admiral did on some of his transatlantic crossings. Improvements in sailing vessels since 1492 have been more in seaworthiness and comfort than in speed.

One reason Columbus always wanted two or more vessels was to have someone to rescue survivors in case of sinking. But he made an unusual record for that era by losing only the *Santa Maria*, grounded without loss of life.

Comforts and conveniences were almost totally lacking. Cooking was done on deck over a bed of sand in a wooden firebox protected from the wind by a hood. The diet was a monotonous one of salt meat, hardtack, and dried peas. For drink they had wine, while it lasted, and water in casks, which often went bad. Only the captain general and the ships' captains had cabins with bunks; the others slept where they could, in their clothes.

In those days, sailors were the most religious of laymen. On each vessel a boy was charged with singing a ditty at daybreak, which began:

*Blessed be the light of day
And the Holy Cross, we say;*

after which he recited the Lord's Prayer and the *Ave Maria*, and invoked a blessing on the ship's company.

Every half hour a boy sang out when turning the glass. For instance, at what we would call five bells, he sang:

*Five is past and six floweth,
More shall flow if God willeth,
Count and pass make voyage
fast.*

After sunset, and before the first night watch was set, all hands were called to evening prayers. The service began with the boy whose duty it was to light the binnacle lamp singing:

*God give us a good night and
good sailing;
May our ship make a good
passage,
Sir captain and master and
good company.*

All hands then said the Lord's Prayer, the Creed and the *Ave Maria*, and concluded by singing the *Salve Regina*.

"Seamen sing or say it," wrote Columbus, "after their own fashion," bawling it out in several keys at once and murdering the stately Latin words. But was it the less acceptable to the Virgin, under whose protection all sailors felt secure?

Now the boy who turns up the

glass for the eighth time sings:

*The watch is called,
The glass floweth.
We shall make a good voyage
If God willeth.*

And as the vessels sail westward through the soft tropic night, rolling and pitching, sails bellying and slatting, cordage straining, bows throwing foam, every half hour is marked by a chantey.

*To our God let's pray
To give us a good voyage,
And through the blessed
Mother,
Our advocate on high,
Protect us from the waterspout
And send no tempest nigh.*

On Sept. 9, the day he dropped the last land below the horizon, Columbus decided to keep a true reckoning of his course for his own use and a false one to give out to the sailors, so that they would not be frightened at sailing so far from land. But, because he overestimated the speed, the "false" reckoning was more nearly correct than the "true"!

During the first ten days (Sept. 9 to 18), the easterly trade wind blew steadily, and the fleet made 1,163 nautical miles. This was the honeymoon of the voyage. "What a delight was the savor of the mornings!" wrote Columbus in his journal. That entry speaks to the heart

of anyone who has sailed in the trades; it recalls the beauty of the dawn, kindling clouds, the smell of dew drying on a wooden deck, and (something Columbus didn't have) the first cup of coffee.

Since his ships were at the northern edge of the northeast trades, where the wind first strikes the water, the sea was smooth; the air was "like April in Andalusia; the only thing wanting was to hear the song of the nightingale." But there were plenty of other birds following the ships: the little Mother Carey's chickens, dabbling for plankton in the bow waves and wakes; the boatswain bird, so called (as old seamen used to say) because it carries a marlinspike in its tail; the man-of-war or frigate bird, "thou ship of the air that never furl'st thy sails," as Walt Whitman wrote. When the fleet passed beyond the range of these birds, the big Jaeger gulls gave it a call.

During this period the fleet encountered its first field of sargassum or gulfweed and found that it was no hindrance to navigation. "Saw plenty weed" was an almost daily notation in Columbus's log. The gulfweed bothered him much less than observing a westerly variation of the compass, for in European waters the variation is always easterly.

On Sept. 19, only ten days out from Ferro, the fleet temporarily ran into an area of variable winds and rain. It was near the point on

Columbus's chart where the fabled island of Antilia should have been, and all hands expected to sight land. Columbus even had the deep-sea lead hove, and found no bottom at 200 fathoms; no wonder, since the ocean is about 2,300 fathoms deep at the point he had reached. But the seamen who, on the tenth day of the northeast trades, were beginning to wonder whether they could ever get back home were cheered by the change of wind.

During the next five days only 234 miles were made. It was easy, in moderate weather, to converse from ship to ship. In the middle of one of these conversations, a seaman of *Pinta* gave the "Land Ho!" and everyone thought he saw an island against the setting sun. Columbus fell on his knees to thank God, ordered *Gloria in excelsis Deo* to be sung by all hands, and set a course for the island. But at dawn no island was visible; there was none. It was simply a cloud bank above the western horizon resembling land, a common phenomenon. Martín Alonso Pinzón apparently wished to beat about and search for the island, but Columbus refused.

The trade wind now returned, but moderately, and during the six days Sept. 26 to October 1, the fleet made only 382 miles. Under these circumstances the sailors began to mutter and grumble. Three weeks was probably the longest they had

ever gone without sight of land. The sailors were all getting on each other's nerves.

There was nothing for the men to do in the light wind except to follow the ship's routine, and troll for fish. Cliques were formed. Grievances, real or imaginary, were blown up. "Spain is farther away every minute, and what lies ahead? Probably nothing, except in the eye of that cursed Genoese. Let's make him turn back, or throw him overboard."

On the first day of October the wind increased, and in five days (Oct. 2 to 6) the fleet made 710 miles. On Oct. 6 they had passed longitude 65 degrees west and actually lay directly north of Puerto Rico. Columbus knew that the fleet had sailed more than the 2,400 miles which, according to his calculations, lay between the Canaries and Japan. Naturally he was uneasy, but he held to the west course.

On October 7, when there was another false landfall, great flocks of birds passed over the ships, flying westsouthwest: the autumn migration from eastern North America to the West Indies. Columbus decided that he had better follow the birds rather than his chart, and changed course accordingly that evening. Now, every night, the men were heartened by seeing flocks of birds against the moon.

But by Oct. 10, mutiny flared up again. No land for 31 days! Even by the phony reckoning which Co-

lumbus gave out they had sailed much farther west than anyone had expected. Enough of this nonsense, sailing west to nowhere; let the captain general turn back or else—! Columbus "cheered them as best he could, holding out good hope of the advantages they might gain; and, he added, it was useless to complain, since he had come to go to the Indies, and so had to continue until he found them, with our Lord's help."

That was typical of Columbus's determination. Yet even he, conscious of divine guidance, could not have kept on indefinitely without the support of his captains and officers. According to one account, it was Martín Alonso Pinzón who cheered him by shouting, *Adelante! Adelante!*, which an American poet has translated, "Sail on! Sail on!" But, according to Oviedo, one of the earliest historians who talked with the participants, it was Columbus alone who persuaded the Pinzóns and the other officers to sail on, with the promise that if land were not found within three days, he would turn back. If this version is correct, as I believe it is, the captain general's promise to his captains was made on Oct. 9.

Next day the trade wind blew fresher, sending the fleet along at seven knots. It so continued on Oct. 11, with a heavy following sea. Now, signs of land, such as branches of trees with green leaves and flowers, floated by so frequently that

the sailors were content with their captain general's decision, and the mutinous mutterings died out.

As the sun set under a clear horizon Oct. 11, the northeast trade breezed up to gale force, and the three ships tore along at nine knots. But Columbus refused to shorten sail, since his promised time was running out. He signaled everyone to keep a particularly sharp watch, and offered extra rewards for first landfall in addition to the year's pay promised by Ferdinand and Isabella.

That night of destiny was clear and beautiful with a late rising moon, but the sea was the roughest of the entire passage. The men were tense and expectant, the officers testy and anxious, the captain general serene in the confidence that presently God would reveal to him the promised Indies.

At 10 P.M., an hour before moonrise, Columbus and a seaman, almost simultaneously, thought they saw a light "like a little wax candle rising and falling." Others said they saw it too, but most did not; and after a few minutes it disappeared. Volumes have been written to explain what this light might have been. To a seaman it requires no explanation. It was an illusion, created by overtense watchfulness. When uncertain of your exact position, and straining to make a night landfall, you are apt to see imaginary lights and flashes and to hear nonexistent bells and breakers.

On rush the ships, pitching, rolling, throwing spray—white waves at their bows and white wakes reflecting the moon. *Pinta* is perhaps half a mile in the lead, *Santa Maria* on her port quarter, *Niña* on the other side. Now one, now another forges ahead, but they are all making the greatest speed of which they are capable. With the sixth glass of the night watch, the last sands are running out of an era that began with the dawn of history. A few minutes now and destiny will turn up a glass the flow of whose sands we are still watching. Not since the birth of Christ has there been a night so full of meaning for the human race.

At 2 A.M., Oct. 12, Rodrigo de Triana, lookout on *Pinta*, sees something like a white cliff shining in the moonlight, and sings out, "*Tierra! tierra! Land! land!*" Captain Pinzón verifies the landfall, fires a gun as agreed, and shortens sail to allow the flagship to catch up.

As *Santa Maria* approaches, the captain general shouts across the rushing waters, "Señor Martín Alonso, you *did* find land! Five thousand *maravedis* for you as a bonus!"

Yes, land it was this time, a little island in the Bahamas. The fleet was headed for the sand cliffs on its windward side and would have been wrecked had it held course. But these seamen were too expert to allow that to happen. The cap-

tain general ordered sail to be shortened and the fleet to jog off and on until daylight, which was equivalent to a southwesterly drift clear of the island. At dawn they made full sail, passed the southern point of the island, and sought an opening on the west coast through the barrier reef. Before noon they found it, sailed into the shallow bay now called Long or Fernandez, and anchored in the lee of the land, in five fathoms.

Here on a gleaming beach of white coral occurred the famous

first landing of Columbus. The captain general (now by general consent called admiral) went ashore in the flagship's boat with the royal standard of Castile displayed, the two Captains Pinzón in their boats, flying the banner of the Expedition: a green crowned cross on a white field. "And, all having rendered thanks to our Lord, kneeling on the ground, embracing it with tears of joy for the immeasurable mercy of having reached it, the admiral rose and gave this island the name *San Salvador* (*Holy Saviour*)."



It's the Irish in Them

LAWYER CASEY faced a ticklish problem. A young client of his had inherited a fortune from a distant relative in America. The young man, he knew, had a weak heart. Any unexpected shock—even good news—might kill him.

So he sought out the parish priest of the little Irish town and explained the situation. "Ah, don't worry your head about it, now," soothed Father O'Sullivan. "I'll look in on the lad and let him know. But I'll sort of lead up to it."

Father O'Sullivan made his way to the young heir's cottage. After a few preliminary remarks, Father got around to his subject. "Tell me, now, Pat," he began, "and if you were to come into a large bit o' money, what all would you be doing with it?"

Pat looked thoughtful. "Ah, that's hard to say, Father. I suppose I'd give most of it to the Church."

Whereupon the good pastor fell dead.

J.C.



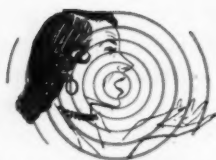
MIKE MALONEY ran a respectable boarding house near Clew bay in County Mayo. He didn't like the look of things when three tough-looking sailors showed up and demanded lodgings. But they offered to pay cash, so he took them in.

Sure enough! The very first evening the three made the round of the pubs, and their noisy homecoming woke everybody up. Next morning, Mike pounced on them in a fury. "You three are a nice pair," he roared. "If you're going to stay here, you'll have to get out! You didn't get home last night until this morning!"

M.M.

People sometimes "have words" because they
don't attach the same meanings to them

When Words Cause Spats



By NORMAN M. LOBSENZ

Condensed from *This Week**



IF YOU and your spouse seem to be having more than your share of family spats lately, it may be for a surprising reason: neither of you knows what the other one is talking about!

Marriage experts agree that many quarrels between otherwise happily married couples arise because certain words mean one thing to the husband and something entirely different to the wife.

They also agree, however, that with a little thought a man and wife can discover the words that raise the most ruckus between them, come to an agreement on what they mean, and wipe out at one stroke the cause of a great deal of bickering.

"A little late." Suppose Mr. and Mrs. Jones have a dinner date for 6 o'clock. During the afternoon Jones calls his wife. "Something's come up at the office. I'll be a little late, dear."

At 6:20 Mr. Jones is at the

restaurant, waiting patiently. By 7 o'clock he is waiting furiously. At 7:10 Mrs. Jones calmly arrives.

"I've been waiting for an hour," Jones says grimly.

"But you said you'd be a little late."

"Of course I did!" Jones explodes. "But a little late means a little late—15 minutes, maybe!"

"Well, I thought you meant about an hour," replies Mrs. Jones. And the argument is on, probably to prowling around the edges of the entire evening and ruin it, merely because the Joneses didn't have a word that meant the same thing to both.

One couple fought after an evening at an "inexpensive restaurant" the wife found.

"You know what Marcia thinks is inexpensive?" the irate husband groaned. "Twelve bucks! And when I complain, she says that, to her, expensive means the Stork Club."

Marcia comes from a well-to-do

*420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17, June 26, 1955. © 1955 by United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

family, her husband from a poor one. Naturally they were raised with different money standards and different meanings for the word *inexpensive*. This is a good example of what Professor Margaret Schlauch means when she says, "It is impossible for any two persons to have learned the same word under precisely the same circumstances. Every person talks out of a private world of his own."

"*On the way home.*" The private worlds of housewifery and business often clash when the wife says something like this: "Would you pick up something at the store for me on the way home?"

To Joe the sentence means, "As you come home at your usual time and by your usual route, would you stop in one store and ask the man to give you the package I ordered?" Joe is happy to do his wife this favor, and he says, "Sure."

But Jane meant this: "At the grocer's I need (list of four items), and get a tube of toothpaste from the drugstore, and would you go to that new cleaner's (four blocks out of Joe's way) and get my dress. He closes at six so you'd better leave work a little early." Joe and Jane are headed for a fight, because they have different meanings for *pick up*, *something*, and *on your way home*.

"*Do I look all right?*" This has been asked from time immemorial by wives just before going out; it may ring the gong for Round One.

Since a husband seldom knows what she means by *all right*, he plays it safe and mumbles "Yeah." But since the wife herself seldom knows what she means by *all right*, this is an unsatisfactory answer. She probably responds by saying "How do you know. You haven't even looked!"

What a wife really means by "Do I look all right?" is probably "Tell me I'm beautiful."

Another frequent source for a battle between the sexes is "Will you watch the baby for me?" This can either mean what it appears to mean, or it can mean, "Will you feed, bathe, change, and play with the baby all afternoon while I go out?"

One husband chose to take the request literally. When his wife returned home she found their baby smearing a bottle of ink on the rug. Her husband was sitting on the sofa, eying the child keenly.

"You said you'd watch him!" wailed the wife.

The husband nodded calmly. "I'm watching him," he said.

The question that must bridge perhaps the broadest semantic gap between husband and wife is, "Do you love me?"

Marriage counselor Dr. Albert Ellis recalls a couple who came to see him recently. They were on the verge of divorce.

"My husband doesn't love me," the wife sobbed. "He comes home every night, eats dinner, dries the

dishes, then watches television till he falls asleep. He doesn't give me any companionship."

"Of course I love her," said the husband. "Do you think I'd come home and do the dishes and sit there all night, every night, if I didn't love her?"

"The real meaning of words," says Dr. Ellis, "comes out of a person's background, upbringing, emotional make-up. To this woman, love means attentions, kind words, romance. To this man, love means steadiness and faithfulness."

Fighting Words. Here are six phrases that start arguments. What do they mean in your family?

For wives only

"I'll be ready in a minute." (1. You have to get your coat on. 2. You're just going to change your dress. 3. You've started running the tub.)

"Please try to look decent when they get here." (1. Shave. 2. Put on shoes and tie. 3. Change to your good suit.)

"I need a little extra money this week." (1. Two bucks for the laundryman. 2. Ten for the dentist. 3. Forty-nine fifty for a cocktail dress.)

For husbands only

"But your folks were just here for a visit!" (1. Your in-laws were there within the last week. 2. Within the last month. 3. Sometime in 1951.)

"Let's get started early." (1. Get up at 4 A.M. 2. Take off right after the breakfast dishes are done. 3. Hit the road by noon.)

"I was just cruising along." (1. He really was—at 20 miles per hour. 2. He was going the limit for the city: 30 m.p.h. 3. He was doing over 70.)

Away With Words!

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE, the author of *Peter Pan*, which was revived last season both on Broadway and on TV, was once asked by an editor whether all his plays were successful.

"I suppose that even a great writer like yourself finds that not all his plays make a hit," said the editor.

Sir James thought for a moment, then leaned over confidentially. "No," he confessed, with eyes twinkling, "some Peter out; some Pan out."

Wall St. Journal (19 July '55).

ON HIS TV show, "You Bet Your Life," Groucho Marx recently asked a retired man whether or not he received a pension.

"Oh, I get a stipend," the man replied with a smile.

"Does that mean you get money?" Groucho demanded.

"If I got enough of it it would be money," the contestant replied.

Mrs. John L. Hulsey.

It's surprisingly easy to do the wrong thing

What to Do After a Crash!

By NINO LO BELLO
Condensed from *Bluebook**



CHANCES ARE you'll be in an auto accident in the next five years. One out of every four Americans will be. What should you do at the scene of the accident?

Strangely, finding out what to do isn't easy. The National Safety Council, which has done so much to educate drivers on how to prevent accidents, admits it has paid "relatively little attention" to spreading the word on what to do after an accident happens. From a dozen of the nation's largest insurance companies, I collected pamphlets on how to avoid crashes, but I couldn't find one dealing in detail with the aftermath of a crash.

So I talked to police officials, doctors, lawyers, insurance agents, garage men, and traffic experts. Here's what they told me. There are four general things to do after an auto accident:

1. *Keep the crash from being any worse.* Help the injured, prevent fire, don't let the accident cause other crashes or a traffic jam.

Naturally, helping the injured comes first. Check for bleeding, and

apply tourniquets where necessary. Keep the injured person warm by covering him with a coat or blanket. Don't risk aggravating an injury by moving the person if you can possibly avoid doing so.

Prevent fire by seeing that the ignition is turned off in both cars and that nobody in the vicinity smokes.

Somebody should be sent up the road behind the accident, and also ahead if necessary to caution oncoming traffic to slow down or stop. A flashlight or some light-colored garment is useful for signaling.

2. *Hold down the cost of the accident.* Make no statement as to responsibility that may later cause you to be liable; be in no hurry to accept claim settlements; keep clear of ambulance-chasing lawyers, gyp towing services, and gyp garages.

Don't say it was your fault, even though you think it was. Your insurance adjuster or lawyer can speak for you at the right time. Any statement you make at the accident scene may be reported in

court. And your idea of the accident may be highly inaccurate.

Above all, sign nothing that indicates fault on your part. There have been many cases like the one in which a man nicked the fender of another car and, because it didn't look like much, readily agreed to sign a form which indicated the mishap was his fault. A few months later a woman who had been a passenger in the other car sued him for \$100,000, claiming that because of that accident she had developed a heart condition.

Sometimes the other driver, admitting his liability, will want to settle the whole thing right there on the spot. This can be done, but remember that you are the one who names the price. If he pays you a satisfactory amount, then give him a signed receipt which will free him of any further liability. Your receipt need not look or sound like a legal document. Just state that you have been paid in full for damages done to you and your car, note the date and the place of the accident, and then sign it with the date next to your name. A paper of this type will hold up in court.

If your accident has caused injuries of any kind, severe or light, to other persons, make sure a doctor has made an examination before you leave. Even if a person says he doesn't want medical attention, insist that he have it. Later he may decide that his injuries were pretty

severe after all—and win heavy damages against you.

If you happen to have a loaded camera with you, by all means take pictures of the accident. Don't be afraid to waste film—take shots of all sides of the smashed cars. You may even take photos of the surface injuries other people have, and have someone else take shots of yours. This might save you a great deal of money.

If your car is so damaged that you must have emergency repairs done at the scene, don't fail to take it afterward to your regular mechanic for a thorough inspection. Your car may have been badly weakened in some way not immediately apparent.

Be wary of tow-car racketeers. The AAA figures up to \$6.50 for a towing under 10 miles, but if a dishonest wrecker-operator thinks he can get away with it, he might clip you for as much as \$25 a mile. Not only that, but your car will probably be taken by him to a gyp garage.

Your best bet is to have either your insurance company or your car dealer take charge of an incapacitated car.

*3. Properly report the accident—*to the city, the state, and your insurance company. In any accident, the fact that you are not to blame does not free you from certain legal obligations. Ask the attending officer what the laws of the state are with regard to making a report.

It's up to you to find out, for you are legally required to submit a detailed report to the state on forms available at any city hall and frequently from the patrolman himself. Apart from the fact that the law requires it, you may find this report can turn out to be your good buddy if a suit is ever brought against you.

4. *Never run away from the scene of an accident.* Doing that can be very damaging and may even land you in jail. A politician knocked the bumper off a car as he backed up to get out of a parking lot. He thought nobody saw him, and not wanting any adverse publicity because election time was near, he wrapped a \$10 bill in a sheet of paper and slipped it under the windshield wiper to pay for the bumper repair. Then he sneaked off.

A woman in a parked car near by saw the whole thing and took down his license number. Unknown to the politico, there was an infant inside the car sleeping in a bassinet, and the impact had toppled the crib over. When the child's mother returned from her shopping, she blew up. The candidate was hailed into court on a technical charge of "criminal negligence." Although the baby had not been hurt and the candidate escaped

court punishment, he was ruined at the polls that year.

And here's a quick check-list of things to do after any accident. Clip it out and keep it with your driver's license and ownership documents:

1. Turn off the ignition.
2. Get the other car's license number, and the name and address of the driver. List the names and addresses of the other car's occupants.
3. Record the make, year, and model of the other car.
4. Note the direction in which the vehicles were going and the approximate speed. Indicate whether there were any traffic lights or signs.
5. Note the weather conditions and the type and condition of the road. Jot down a description of the damage to the other car.
6. Get the name of the policeman and his shield number, and the name of the doctor and the receiving hospital.
7. Get the name and address of any volunteer witnesses. (Here's a tip: don't use the word *witness* when you ask a person who has seen the accident for his name and address.)
8. Report the accident to local and state authorities. Then get in touch with your insurance company as soon as possible.

THOSE who do not read are little better off than those who cannot read.

Quoted by Bernice McCullar in the *Houston Home Journal*.

Bishop Byrne was among the Tiger's starving victims who stumbled 100 miles over the mountains to die

Death March of the Missioner

By ✠ RAYMOND A. LANE, M.M.

Condensed from "Ambassador in Chains" *

THE THUNDER of guns had grown louder during the night. Early in the morning of June 28, 1950, the last of the retreating South Koreans had marched past the Apostolic Delegation compound in Seoul. Then came an ominous silence.

Inside, Maryknoll Bishop Patrick J. Byrne, apostolic delegate to Korea, was calmly reading his breviary. Father William Booth, his secretary, paced nervously. They were waiting for the communists.

A jeep roared into the yard. "I want to borrow your jeep," said a North Korean officer, pointing to the garage. Without waiting for permission, he took the jeep. A few minutes later, three more North Koreans arrived to "borrow" the car.

The soldiers gone, fellow travelers and 5th columnists, who had been planted in the city, began to show up. Each was dressed in civilian clothes and wore an arm band. They began pillaging the delega-

tion. Bishop Byrne gathered the vestments and sacred vessels, and sent word to the nearest Korean pastor to come for them. The pastor arrived with a pushcart and several Catholic boys. He loaded the cart, but the looting Reds forbade him to take it away.

"Why not?" demanded the priest. "Aren't we all under the People's government now? These things belong to us as much as they belong to you."

The Reds, left without an answer, watched the brave little priest push his

cart away. Then they returned to their looting. Bishop Byrne protested. One of the Reds said, "You believe in heaven, don't you?"

"Certainly," replied the bishop. "That's good." The communist fingered his revolver. "You'll soon be going there."

The Maryknollers' first prison was the corner of an office-building basement. It was so crowded with



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missioners and diplomats that the prisoners did not have room to lie down at night.

Day and night, batches of 100 Koreans were brought to the basement. They were questioned on every detail of their lives. If one made a slip, he was taken out and shot. In a room above, a special type of interrogation was going on. Bishop Byrne and his fellow prisoners could hear women screaming. Every now and then, a shriek would be followed by the sound of a body being thrown against a wall. Bishop Byrne could not imagine the horrors taking place above his head.

After several days of cross-examination and maltreatment, the bishop and the priests were brought before what the communists called a People's court. Five hundred men and women were called to the proceedings, in an auditorium. The trial dragged on for days.

The court asked Bishop Byrne why he had come to Korea. "I came to teach religion," he said.

The crowd shouted, "Kill the American!"

The bishop then replied, "I came here not as an American, but as a representative of the Vatican."

At the end of the trial, the judge declared, "Either Bishop Byrne will broadcast by radio a denunciation of the U.S., the United Nations, and the Vatican, or he must die."

Bishop Byrne replied, "There remains only one course, to die."

After eight days of sleeplessness, questioning, stench, heat, and flies, Bishop Byrne, Father Booth, and most of the other prisoners were led from the basement and loaded onto trucks which were to take them to the railroad station. Attempting to climb into the truck, Bishop Byrne fainted; he was weak from hunger. Some of the prisoners lifted the bishop into the truck. Later, he apologized for the trouble he had caused, and said that he had never fainted before in his life.

The train took the prisoners to Pyongyang, the North Korean capital. Here diarrhea, dysentery, and worms plagued them. Bishop Byrne became still weaker, and sores caused by starvation diet broke out on his body.

Each day, the prisoners watched American planes bombing Pyongyang. All news was kept from the prisoners, but they knew that the communist invasion was being resisted.

When the prison routine became harsher, the prisoners conjectured that it was because MacArthur was holding fast in the South. When word came that they were to be moved again, they correctly deduced that MacArthur was counter-attacking. They began to pray for deliverance; but the worst was yet to come.

The prisoner train to Manpo passed through the bishop's old mission. He saw churches and rectories that he had built. Unwitting-

ly, the Reds were being used by Providence to bring back an apostle to these remote hamlets to die among the people for whom he had given the best years of his life.

The train moved only at night. One day, the prisoners were marched through a Korean village to a schoolhouse. Father Booth remarked to Bishop Byrne that the town looked familiar. Father Booth went into one of the classrooms, sat down at a desk, and fell asleep. He was awakened by a hand shaking his shoulder, and he glanced up.

"Aren't you Boo Sin Poo?" asked a young man in civilian clothes.

Boo was Father Booth's name in Korean, and *Sin Poo* means Spiritual Father.

"Yes."

"Don't you know me?" asked the young man.

"I'm sorry, I don't think I do."

"I'm John Ri. You confirmed me here 12 years ago."

Suddenly, Father Booth remembered. He had been administrator of the territory at the time, while Monsignor Byrne was visiting America. John was about 12 years old then.

"You'll get in trouble talking to me," said Father Booth.

"The guard thinks I am trying to sell these," replied John. He held up a string of ten eggs. "They are for you."

John also pressed a package of tobacco on the priest, and gave

him about \$5. The Christians had collected the money after seeing Father Booth being marched through the town. John said that there was no priest in the village, and the catechist was dead. The Christians met regularly in his house. They would be at the railroad station when the prisoners were leaving, he told Father Booth, and asked if he would give them absolution when he walked by.

"We do not know when another priest will come this way," John said simply.

When Father Booth and Bishop Byrne went back to the train, the little group of Christians stood near. They made no sign of recognition, so as not to attract the Red guards. As Father Booth walked past, he made the Sign of the Cross close to his breast, and whispered the words of absolution. The Christians' eyes showed that they understood, and appreciated the blessing.

At one station stop, the Sisters in the group heard someone outside cry, "Our Sisters!" Mother Eugenie was about to reply from the window when one of the other prisoners stopped her. She would only help the guards to identify the person who called to them; there might be reprisals. Mother whispered a prayer for the bereft people.

The prisoners did not remain long in Manpo. The military situation of the North Koreans was becoming precarious. Officials wished to get the prisoners as far

away as possible from the advancing United Nations troops.

The prisoners were taken to Kusan. There, guards deserted them in panic. The Americans were near, but the prisoners did not know where to find them, and decided to go back to Manpo in the hope of meeting liberation troops. Bishop Byrne's 62nd birthday was passed on the march back to Manpo, and with the money given by John Ri, Father Booth was able to buy a couple of chickens. They provided the last decent food Bishop Byrne was ever to have.

"On the way to Manpo," recalls Father Booth, "instead of meeting American soldiers we met the Chinese 'volunteers' pouring over the Yalu border. They were armed to the teeth, under heavy packs. They did not walk, but ran to the front at double time. Thus, instead of freedom, we found captivity again.

"At Manpo, we were put into a burned-out building for the night. It had no roof. The weather had turned very cold, and we spent a miserable, cramped night. But we were more fortunate than the American soldiers who had to sleep along the riverbank. Ten of the poor boys froze to death.

"I'll never forget the date. It was Oct. 31. That day we met the Tiger."

The Tiger was the name given to the North Korean commandant who now took charge of the prisoners. He was a small, slim man

about 35 years old, full of bitterness toward Americans. He was prepared to take out his fury on his captives.

"From now on you are in my charge," he roared at the prisoners lined up before him. "You are under strict military discipline. We are going to make a march to Chungan-jin. No one is to fall out of line without my permission."

The Tiger gazed down on the miserable group before him. The prisoners wore thin and tattered clothing. They were suffering from beriberi, dysentery, pellagra, pneumonia, and influenza. Many of them were too weak even to talk. They all suffered from the bone aches that come with hunger. A few were unable to walk, many of them could only hobble, and practically all of them limped.

The Tiger looked at these suffering people and gave the order for the march to Chungan-jin to begin, the eight-day march that was to be known as the Death March. The march would take these unfortunate people 100 miles over some of the roughest terrain in Korea, in freezing cold, and through screaming winds and snowstorms.

It was late when the group started, and only a few miles had been covered when the Tiger called a halt for the night. The Tiger turned the prisoners into a cornfield, and told them to lie down there. He said they were not to touch the corn, nor to lie on the

stalks. Near by was a pile of corpses, naked bodies of American soldiers who had frozen to death.

Dr. Kristian Jensen, a Methodist missionary from New Jersey, had lost his blanket, and Bishop Byrne insisted that he take his. The bishop tried to find a pair of socks for him, and was finally able to borrow a pair from an American soldier. The bishop helped Dr. Jensen many times on the march.

Bishop Byrne shared Father Booth's blanket that night. Because of the cold, neither priest was able to get much sleep. Bishop Byrne spent the night repeating his favorite prayer, the Our Father. He kept reciting it all through the terrible Death March. It gave him the strength he needed to keep going.

The next morning, the march began in earnest. North Korean guards hurried the prisoners along with shouts of "*Bali! (Quickly) Bali!*" Father Villemot, 81 years old, was supported by Msgr. Francis Quinlan of the Columban Fathers and two French priests, who took turns. Some of the White Russian women had children who were crying with cold and hunger. Bishop Byrne gave general absolution to the American soldiers.

Not long after starting up again, an exhausted GI fell out of line. The irate Tiger rushed back shouting that he would shoot five officers. "I gave an order and it was not obeyed," he screamed. "Somebody will have to pay!"

A Lieutenant Thornton stepped forward. "I was in charge of the column," he said. Actually he was not in charge, but he wished to protect the other officers.

"The Tiger led Thornton up to a hilltop, where all could see what was about to happen," Father Booth remembers. "He tied the lieutenant's hands behind his back, and blindfolded him. Then the Tiger stepped back two paces, drew his gun, and fired point-blank. The lieutenant died immediately. Lieutenant Thornton deserves the Medal of Honor. He freely gave his life to save his brother officers."

There were 700 GIs, many of them wounded, all weak, some with bare feet. Then the civilians, men, women, and children. All were starving, the fillings were falling from teeth because of malnutrition.

"We were skin and bones, having lost an average of 50 pounds each," Father Booth recalls. "I did not even weigh 100 pounds."

"I see the little band of Carmelite Sisters before me, their tiny sandals stained with the blood of their bare feet."

"The barren, snow-streaked, frozen slope they climb has been stained with blood from bare feet that preceded them. One Sister is blind, and has to be guided along. Another is racked with the cough of tuberculosis. Still another is ready to collapse from acute diarrhea."

"Mother Beatrice, superior of St. Paul Chartres convent in Seoul, can no longer stand. Mother Eugenie, her companion, and others try to drag her along. Mother Beatrice would like to help them, but her suffering and her 70 years have left her helpless.

"A North Korean guard comes up. A gun barks. Mother Beatrice's body is pushed off the trail. It starts to roll down a steep slope, faster and faster. Then, with a dull thud, it lands in a ravine at the bottom of the mountain. And over the rush of the wind, the laughter of the North Korean guards echoes down the line.

"That was the Death March. On the day Mother Beatrice died, 21 GI's also fell out of line, and were shot. So was one civilian woman, a White Russian.

"The procession was a procession of death. Over the eight days, 98 American soldiers died. And even when the march ended, the weakness that it left brought other deaths. Of the 13 members of the Paris Foreign Mission society that began the march, only one lived to be repatriated two years later."

When at last the prisoners reached Chungan-jin, Bishop Byrne was fighting a heavy cold. The morning after their arrival, the Tiger came into their shack and ordered all out for setting-up exercises. He made no exceptions. Bishop Byrne had to go out. Father Villemot, 81 years old and without

strength enough even to stand, had to be carried out.

Bishop Byrne had only a light coat and a very light woolen blanket. He wore the blanket on his shoulders. The Tiger ordered the prisoners to take off their coats. He made Bishop Byrne remove blanket and coat. The temperature was about 10° below freezing. The bishop, wearing only a light summer shirt, had to run up and down the yard. When they got back into the school building, Bishop Byrne was shivering. That night he grew worse.

Mother Eugenie's account mentions those who died. "On Nov. 10, Father Villemot went through his agony peacefully, getting weaker all the time, like a lamp that is slowly burning out. Without any outward sign, his soul slipped back to his Creator. Father Coyos, one of the French missionaries, closed his eyes and put a cassock on him. The Fathers and some of the diplomats carried him to his grave.

"Father Antoine Gombert died Nov. 12. Twenty American soldiers died the same day. Father Julien Gombert, Father Antoine's brother, awaited his own turn to die.

"United in life, the two brothers continued united in death, one living only a few hours longer than the other. It was about eight o'clock at night. These two brothers could have passed for twins. They had studied in the same seminary and received Holy Orders the same

day. They were both assigned to the same mission, and they set out for this mission together. They arrived in Korea together, and there for 50 years they lived and worked."

The order for transfer of prisoners to Ha Chang Ri, four miles away, came in typical communist fashion, suddenly and at midnight. Despite his pneumonia, Bishop Byrne had to walk. Monsignor Quinlan and Father Booth helped him along the frozen roads. When they arrived, quarters were not ready.

The Reds evicted a Korean family, and ordered Bishop Byrne's group into the house. This had happened many times during their imprisonment. The poor Koreans were driven from their homes in the dead of night with winter already upon them. They had been given no notice and were allowed to take only a few personal belongings.

For over an hour, Bishop Byrne stood shivering in the cold before his group of about 20 men was herded into the house.

The house was about ten feet square. The limited space made it impossible to lie down, hard even to squat. One of the guards lit a fire in the *undel*, which heats the floor. The air was stifling, but no door could be opened. Foul-smelling clothes became overpowering in the heat. Bugs and lice added their torture. Bishop Byrne was being suffocated by the bad air, the

crowding, and the congestion in his lungs.

A 16-year-old Turkish girl, Sagi-da Saluhutdin, risked death that day to help Bishop Byrne. She had screamed with horror at the start of the march, when she saw the Tiger shoot the young American lieutenant. The soldiers had threatened her, "Be quiet, or we'll kill you, too!"

She and one companion stole off to a near-by house, made a fire, and heated gruel. As they were coming back with their dish for the bishop, along came the Tiger himself. He locked the two of them in a wind-swept shack. They were kept there for more than a day.

That night about midnight, three guards came to Bishop Byrne's hut. They demanded that Bishop Byrne and Father Coyos, a tubercular French priest, go over to a building which had been set aside as the People's hospital. The prisoners referred to it as "the Morgue."

When Father Booth saw the "hospital" he almost cried. It was a filthy hut, without heat, beds, or attendants. It was just a rough shack with a straw-covered mud floor.

The wind was whistling through the walls and mat-hung doorway. As the bishop was placed on the icy floor, he turned to his priestly companions, and said, "Next to the grace of the priesthood, I look on it as the greatest privilege of my

life to have been able to suffer with you for Christ."

Monsignor Quinlan and the other missionaries tried to get the guards to allow the bishop to remain with them in their shack. But the guards were determined that if the bishop was to die, it had to be in the "hospital." Father Booth was able to give Bishop Byrne absolution.

As he and Monsignor Quinlan helped the bishop over the snowy fields, Bishop Byrne whispered to Monsignor Quinlan. "Don't feel bad about me," he said. "It has always been my hope to give my life for our faith. The good Lord has given me this privilege. Look out for yourself, and keep an eye on the others now."

Father Booth describes the next few days. "Miss Helen Rosser, a Methodist missionary from Georgia, was a trained nurse. Each day, she made a thick bean soup, which I carried over to the Morgue. It was the only medicine available for our sick. The bishop was so weak by this time that I had to feed him.

"Day and night, the sick lay there in the cold, each wrapped in his one blanket. For four days, Bishop Byrne lay there in a poverty that was like Bethlehem itself. Then he took a turn for the worse. Father Coyos gave the bishop absolution on Nov. 24, and, shortly after, the bishop passed into delirium."

The bishop was burning up with

fever, his throat parched, every bone and muscle aching, his difficult breathing hoarse and rattling. In his delirium, what did he see? Perhaps the old home in Washington, with his mother and father, brothers, and sister. School days at St. Charles'; ordination day. Then Maryknoll, the early building days and himself on the scaffolding with the stonemasons; his departure for Korea; the hard pioneering days at Shingishu with Father Patrick Cleary, who later became pastor of the little village where he now lay dying. His life back in America, as rector and vicar general; the Japanese years during the war; his four years of solitude; his conferences with General MacArthur. Then Korea again, Seoul, the invasion, the Reds at the door of the cathedral.

In America, a violent hurricane was battering the Atlantic coast. With this storm swirling about them, the cloistered Sisters at Maryknoll kept up an uninterrupted three-day prayer, day and night, with exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, as an act of reparation for the outrages committed by the Reds in Korea. Constant intercession was made for Bishop Byrne, Father William Booth, Sister Agnita, and their fellow sufferers in Korea. Friends all over the country and all over the world joined with the Sisters in this prayer. It started on Nov. 24.

Next morning at dawn, when

the guards looked into the shack, Bishop Byrne was dead. It was Nov. 25, 1950.

He was buried that day in a shallow grave which Monsignor Quinlan and his companions dug with painful labor in the frozen ground. Bishop Cooper, the Anglican, helped carry and bury the body. "It was a great privilege," Bishop Cooper said. "May God rest his soul."

The guards kept urging the lit-

tle funeral party to hurry and get back to camp, but Monsignor Quinlan was not to be hurried. Standing bareheaded in the cold, he recited by heart the prayers at the grave: "May the Angels lead thee into paradise; may the martyrs receive thee at thy coming, and take thee to Jerusalem, the Holy City. May the choirs of the angels receive thee, and mayest thou, with the once poor Lazarus, have rest everlasting."

Two-O'clock Mass

TWO-O'CLOCK-in-the-morning Mass in New York City is the Mass of mystery. Midnight Mass is mostly seasonal and solemn, but two o'clock Mass is secret, almost conspiratorial, said in low tones for ordinary people, workaday and yet wondrousome.

It's a come-as-you-are gathering. It's allegorical, like the medieval guilds acting out a Mystery play, each in the livery of its craft. It's the cop in uniform and the fireman, the taxi driver and the newsboy, the dinner jacket and the evening gown with a handkerchief pinned over a head. It's the waitress and the bandsman, the bus driver and the college crowd, and it's also the newspaper printer, for whom this Mass is sometimes named.

But it's more. It's the old water-front crowd again. It's Peter and James and all the other fishermen, up a little late, maybe still in their working clothes, or maybe partied up a bit from that clambake down at Cana.

It's the big city late at night. It's night life saying its prayers. It's eternity caught between ticks of time. It's worldlings cracking their secret hearts for a quick peek at heaven.

No matter how often you come, the atmosphere is always the same. No music, just the silence and the murmur of the low Mass.

It's more than a classless society. It's the one gathering so casual that the differences make no difference. It's man in the mass at Mass. It's proof of the staggering mystery that sometimes it takes difference in men to show the unity of man.

William J. Dammarell in *Extension* (June '55).

*If you don't know what a cognovit note
is, you are fair game for scoundrels*

The Garnishee Racket

Condensed from *The Union**

JIM WHITE told off the used car dealer who'd sold him a lemon with a faulty transmission. The car was taken back, and Jim never thought about it again.

He never thought about it, that is, until he received a notice 14 years later that his wages had been garnisheed. Jim's pay check would be tied up indefinitely until the finance company had received \$327 for the worthless car he'd driven less than a dozen miles.

Jim had a good reputation at his plant. But almost everyone looks down on a man who can't manage his own finances. The garnishee hurt him financially. It hurt him at the plant. And it hurt his family.

A garnishee is a court order forcing your employer to hold up all or part of your pay. It makes him send your money to someone else.

Most stores, banks, finance companies, and savings-and-loan associations use garnishees only as a last resort. They are eager to be fair with you as long as you are fair with them. All they want is what's coming to them. But in the hands of a few sharp operators, the garni-

shee has become one of America's fastest-growing rackets.

An average of 110 garnishees are being taken out every day in one city. A total of 600 garnishees were in force at once against 200 employees of a single factory.

Some people are garnisheed because they buy things they can't afford. That hurts. But more and more people are finding their wages garnisheed because they bought things without even knowing it. This hurts even more.

For example, there's Moose Burke, a steel worker. One day he was waiting for a bus in front of the plant. A man in the crowd showed him a ring that looked attractive. "I'll tell you what," the salesman said. "Just give me \$10, and you can take it home and show it to the little woman. If she doesn't like it, let me know tomorrow, and I'll give you your \$10 back."

This sounded all right to Moose, and he quickly scribbled his name



*306 Fulton St., Smethport, Pa. July 22, 1955. Based on Better Business Bureau reports. © by Southern Lake Erie Association of Central Labor Unions, and reprinted with permission.

on a "receipt," and jumped on the bus. Mrs. Burke didn't like the ring. In fact, a stone fell out while she was looking at it.

Moose couldn't find the salesman the next day, and he took the ring to the store mentioned by the salesman. It turned out to be a shoddy office. The manager refused to talk to Moose.

After pondering whether to walk out or break the man in half, Moose walked out. But you should have heard the roar when his pay was garnisheed for \$300 a few weeks later.

Everyone knew that Moose was no deadbeat. The personnel office made an all-out effort to help him, particularly when an impartial appraisal showed the ring actually was worth only \$6.

The law in Moose's state says that if a man is married, only 20% of the first \$200 of his monthly wages and 40% of wages above \$200 can be garnisheed. The law also says a man has to be formally notified that a hearing will be held before his wages can be garnisheed.

The personnel manager tried to find out how the jewelry outfit had been able to get around this law. The Better Business Bureau told him the answer. Moose had signed what can be the world's deadliest document, a cognovit note.

A cognovit note with your name on it authorizes "any attorney at law to appear in any court of record in the U.S. and waive the

issuing and service of process and confess a judgment against you."

In other words, Moose signed a blank note, and the salesman later filled in the figure of \$300. And on top of this, a cognovit note also is a promise by the signer to "release all errors and waive all right of appeal."

Moose lived at 21825 Blank St. The notice of the garnishee hearing was sent not to 21825 but to 82125 Blank St. by registered letter. Moose didn't get the letter and wasn't at the hearing to hear the sharp operator tell the judge that a notice of the garnishee proceedings had been sent to Moose by registered letter.

The judge was told by the jeweler that Moose was unmarried, in spite of the fact that Moose's wife had a broken arm at the time and one of his four children was sick in the hospital. The result was that Moose was garnisheed as a single man, with his entire pay held up until the jeweler received \$300.

One Better Business Bureau employee has a desk drawer full of watches. They are watches of every size and description. The only thing they have in common is that not one of them works.

Each of those watches came from a man whose wages were garnisheed because he wouldn't pay for a watch that didn't work. Yet those people were better off than the hundreds who paid for similar watches week after week and still

ended with their pay garnisheed.

The watch salesmen work in parking lots, in bars, in barber shops, at bus stops. "Wear it home," they say, showing their biggest smiles. "No charge. Give me 10¢, four bits, or a buck, and bring the watch back tomorrow if you don't like it."

And out comes the good old cognovit note, the "receipt," as the salesman calls it.

There is a regular pattern. First, there is the small down payment and the "receipt." Then the victim realizes that the merchandise is just junk. The payments go on and on, but finally a settlement is reached. Or so the victim thinks. Then comes the big surprise, the garnishee.

Most garnishees average around \$40. The employee's whole pay check is tied up, he wonders where the grocery money is coming from, and he settles up quickly. He agrees to almost any terms set up by the gyp, just to get his pay released so he can provide for his family. Jewelry, watch, and other garnishee gyps often like to keep the amount just low enough so that the victim will give in instead of making a fight out of it.

But even this gouge can be minor compared to many of the garnishee problems. For example, let's go back to Jim White, slapped down by a \$327 garnishee after 14 years.

The dealer who had sold him the

car had a tie-in with a lending agency with a poor reputation. Jim signed a note to pay \$367. When he complained that the car was a junker, the financing agency took the car back, and sold it for \$40, probably to the dealer's brother-in-law. Legally, Jim was responsible for the decrease in value.

Of course, if the gyp had brought the case to court right away, Jim would have had the proper papers and witnesses to fight back. But 14 years later he could hardly remember the incident, while the dealer still had all the documents.

Jim received a telephone call one night from a man who said he was the personnel manager of a firm where Jim had worked years before. The caller said the firm was hiring again, and he wanted to know how Jim was doing and where he was working.

Jim answered the questions. He learned later that the caller was a skip tracer, who wanted to know where Jim was working so the garnishee notice could be filed.

Most people think that loss of the down payment is the worst that can happen if they quit making installment payments and the item involved is repossessed. But in such cases, you actually are on the hook for the full amount you agreed to pay.

No one wastes much time on a person who is garnisheed.

The garnishee order is directed not against the victim but against

his employer. It forces your company to withhold your pay, and to give this money to the firm that obtains the garnishee.

If you're not earning any money because all or part of your pay is going to someone else, you're going to be worried. You're likely to stick your hands in a machine, or pull some other dumb stunt because your mind is on your troubles instead of your job.

That's why many companies have a policy that an employee whose wages are garnished is subject to dismissal. A garnishee hurts you, it hurts your company, it can hurt your fellow employees.

Fortunately, no one needs to be garnished. Here are the simple rules for staying out of this trap:

1. Don't buy anything you can't afford.

2. Buy only from reputable people, and do not buy under any circumstances unless you are permitted to arrange financing with a savings-and-loan association, bank, finance company, or credit union whose good standing in the community is well known.

3. Never sign any kind of paper

or receipt unless it is completely filled in and you know exactly what it means. And always make sure you have a filled out copy of the financing agreement, including the exact amount of the monthly payments.

4. Remember that you can get good advice from a reputable lending organization. Such a firm will not handle the installment paper of unethical dealers.

5. If sickness, an unexpected lay-off, or other problems make it impossible for you to keep up your payments, go to the people you owe money to right way. Explain all the facts to them, and you probably can work out an arrangement to pay what you can.

6. If your debts continue to mount up, don't be afraid to seek legal advice. In many places it is possible to set up a trusteeship through the courts, under which your debts are lumped together for orderly payment.

7. Remember that a good credit record counts for a lot with reputable people. Take it easy if you get a big chunk of overtime or another windfall that's just temporary.

Status Clarified

UNITED NATIONS Security Council President Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., was presiding at a meeting of that body. Noting that Semyon K. Tsarapkin had his hand raised, Lodge inquired why "the gentleman" was asking for the floor.

"I am not 'a gentleman,'" Tsarapkin snapped, "I am representative of the Soviet Union here."

Jay Patrick

Central Verein Is a Hundred Years Old

*German-Americans mark a century of mutual
assistance and social action*

Condensed from *Jubilee**

VEREIN is a German word meaning union. The founding convention of the Central Verein of the U.S. met in Baltimore in 1855, just a hundred years ago.

In that hundred years the Verein and its affiliates have helped well over a million Catholic immigrants retain their faith while adjusting to American life. The societies have made important contributions to the parochial school system, and stand among the pioneers in the fight for social justice.

In 1855 Know-Nothingism, a bitter reaction on the part of "native Americans" against all immigrants, was at its height. Know-Nothing mobs, carrying American flags, descended in violence upon the German and Irish sections of Louisville, Kentucky. In Massachusetts, convents were searched and at least one was burned, and there were anti-Catholic riots in Pennsylvania and New York.

The German Catholic immigrant was lonesome for the sound of his own tongue and the company of

his fellow Germans; the temptation to join anti-Catholic, German-speaking secret societies was strong. And from the time he got off the boat he was proselytized by German-speaking anti-Catholics. There were enmities and suspicions between him and his Irish co-religionists: the Germans thought there were too many Irish bishops; the Irish suspected—unfairly—that the Germans wanted to set up an independent German Church. The vereins were an answer to all these pressures upon the faith of the German-American.

At first the Central Verein—a federation of local vereins—put heavy emphasis on mutual benefit activities. Early in its history an insurance society and a "widows' and orphans' fund" were set up; within 20 years the two agencies had paid out over \$5 million in sick and death benefits. Soon after the Civil war ended, two Central Verein employees—one in New York, the other in Baltimore—began meeting all incoming immigrant ships.

*377 4th Ave., New York City 16. July, 1955. © 1955 by A. M. D. G. Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

One of the most frequently enacted resolutions at Central Verein conventions was one in support of the parochial schools, to which members of all local vereins were obliged to send their children. It was not unusual for a German Catholic community to build a school before building a church. "The Germans are convinced," a Detroit Catholic editor wrote in the '80s, "that if a school is lacking, the church is only a passing thing, because when the parents pass away the children will no longer desire a church."

Toward the turn of the century the need for mutual benefit activities on the part of the vereins declined. Instead, the vereins went on to social action.

Unlike the Irish and the native-born Catholics of the United States, the Catholic immigrants from Germany (1,250,000 of them came between 1840 and 1900) had a solid tradition of Christian social action, started by men like Wilhelm Emmanuel Baron von Ketteler. Pope Leo XIII called this bishop "our predecessor." As early as 1848, in a series of now-famous sermons, von Ketteler helped lay the foundations of Catholic social teaching. Popes like Leo, Saint Pius X, and Pius XI built upon them to answer Karl Marx.

Almost alone among national Catholic organizations in America, the Central Verein vigorously supported Pope Leo's *Rerum Novarum*

from the time it was published in 1891. The vereins backed the Knights of Labor, urged their members to join unions, sent a delegate to early AFL conventions, fostered legislation against child labor and in favor of credit unions and cooperatives, recommended labor-management arbitration boards, and sponsored labor courses for their members. And, at a time when he was not popular within the Catholic body as a whole, the Central Verein supported the efforts of Msgr. John A. Ryan.

Frederick Kenkel, a prime force in the building of this record, died only three years ago at 89, having directed the Central Bureau and edited its publications for 44 years.

Time has now erased the difference between the American of German ancestry and his fellow citizens, but the vereins are still active, with a membership of 68,000 men and (in the affiliated National Catholic Women's Union, founded in 1916) about 100,000 women.

The Central Bureau in St. Louis publishes two monthlies, *Social Justice Review* and *The Bulletin for Catholic Women*.

And the founders would have been glad to foresee that after a hundred years their immediate purposes were still being carried out: since 1949 the Bureau has helped more than 2,000 German DP's and immigrants to learn English and to get homes and jobs.

*The army answers the charge that
it is punishing guiltless men*

The U.S. Army Turncoats Were Not Brainwashed!

By A. E. HOTCHNER

Condensed from *This Week**

Is the army "too tough" on U.S. soldiers who collaborated with Chinese and Korean communists?

I have just sat in on a conference of Army Intelligence officers whose job it has been to study and evaluate the conduct of hundreds of men who were prisoners of war in Korea. Now, for the first time, they are ready to speak out on behalf of the army. I am going to set down, as if in one voice, their startling answer to their critics.

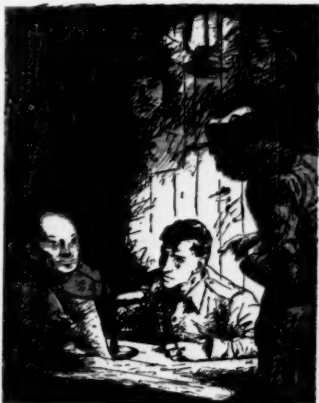
SINCE the army began its prosecutions of ex-PW's in 1953, public sentiment has run strongly against us. Several men have already been tried and convicted, with sentences ranging up to 40 years and a dishonorable discharge. Mothers and wives of those men have been understandably upset and have appealed to congressmen and

the press about the convictions. They urge, in extenuation, that the soldiers were "brainwashed." The army has been cast in the role of a revengeful villain.

Over and over the army is asked these questions: Is it fair to hold these men responsible for their acts? Weren't some of them tortured unmercifully? Wasn't the army guilty of double-crossing when it told those PW's who refused to return that it would not prosecute them, but then grabbed Dickenson and Batchelor and sentenced them to ten and 20 years respectively?

Well, now that investigations are completed the time has come for the army to tell the truth about the so-called "brainwashed" collaborators. Let's get right to the point.

No man being prosecuted was "brainwashed." In



*420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17, July 17, 1955. © 1955 by United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

fact, no American military prisoner was "brainwashed" during the entire Korean War.

No American PW has been or will be tried by the army who was physically tortured. Torture, in the usual sense, was not used at all as a means of obtaining converts.

Surprised? Well, let's discuss this "brainwashing" business a little. In the public's mind it is some mysterious Oriental process that involves hypnosis, secret drugs, insidious torture, and psychological devices impossible for the subject to resist. But as far as communist prisoner-of-war camps in Korea go, the public's concept of brainwashing is completely wrong.

There was torture, yes, in the sense of physical harassment, great mental pressures applied to men under prison conditions by a foreign system with a different standard from America. There was brutality, yes, in the sense of atrocities committed in combat or immediately thereafter on "death marches" to permanent camps.

But neither of these was a normal method of prisoner-handling to obtain converts.

The communists' objectives were inconsistent with a real "torture" program. They were: 1. To secure favorable propaganda. 2. Organize the PW's for easier handling. 3. Obtain intelligence information. 4. Change political concepts of the PW's.

None of these objectives could

be accomplished if PW's were reduced to robots robbed of their intellects. There is not one iota of evidence that drugs, hypnosis, or any other device except dramatic persuasion were used on our PW's in Korea.

There were 3,322 U.S. Army prisoners repatriated from Korea. In only about 40 cases (plus those already tried) is there sufficient evidence of flagrant criminal acts to warrant prosecution. Actually, this low percentage of serious offenders is a fine record; but that is no reason to go easy on the guilty ones.

You have sympathy for these men, have you? Then you'd better get to know them a little better. They range from privates to lieutenant colonels, with educational backgrounds varying from grade school to West Point. A few sample cases will be helpful.

Case One. An officer accused by 180 PW's of having written and given anti-U.S. speeches, taught communist-indoctrination classes, announced that the U.S. was not his country, informed on other prisoners, lived in special quarters where he put photos of Red leaders on his walls.

Case Two. Enlisted man, accused by over 500 ex-PW's from the camp. A typical comment about him was, "This stinker is a liar, a collaborator, a traitor, and a coward." He betrayed his fellow prisoners to the Reds. He referred to the

U.S. consistently as his enemy, was in charge of spying on American prisoners, and actually put the finger on several fellow prisoners who were planning to escape.

Case Three. Enlisted man, whose record has been corroborated by 160 ex-PW's who were in his camp. He was Chief Monitor (communist political indoctrinator) of his camp in charge of the ideological indoctrination of newly captured American prisoners.

During the PW Camp "Olympics"—athletic events—he mounted the reviewing stand and gave a speech which ended with the words, "I now stand in the ranks of the peace-loving people of the world. Long live the democratic people's Republic of Korea; long live the people's Republic of China."

Case Four. An army captain whose acts were reported by 110 former PW's. He was a member of the Central Peace committee, which ran the collaborationist program for the Reds, and he *campaigns to get the job*. He counseled other prisoners to collaborate with the enemy. He signed and circulated propaganda articles among the prisoners for their signature. He is accused in a sworn statement of abandoning his men while they were under fire.

Still think the army is too tough? Well, just examine a breakdown of the crimes committed in 20 of the serious cases, picked at random.

Five men prepared a series of

surrender leaflets urging our soldiers to lay down their arms. Five gave broadcasts over the Peiping radio, parroting the Red line that the war was being waged by MacArthur and Truman for Wall Street gain.

Fifteen prepared propaganda articles for a great variety of communist publications. Fifteen signed surrender leaflets and other documents.

Two gave Red propaganda speeches to fellow prisoners. Two posed for propaganda pictures.

Ten informed on fellow prisoners, contributing to the death of three men. One gave intelligence information to the enemy. He claims that he was "tortured." The torture consisted of having to stand at attention for three hours.

Why did these men perform such heinous acts? According to their own admissions, they collaborated for better food, more tobacco, the possibility of getting better medical care; from fear induced by threats, mental duress, and withholding food.

An officer who went into combat in Korea during the early days of the war was captured within a few hours. Less than a week later leaflets were dropped on our men urging them to surrender. These leaflets had been written by and signed by that officer and contained his photograph. Now just how much could a man's brain have been "washed" in that short time?

Another officer who prepared and signed a surrender leaflet addressed to his own troops later said, "The Reds questioned me three times: the first time for 15 or 20 minutes, the second time for 40 minutes, the third time for 15 or 20 minutes." Less than two hours of questioning caused an officer to sell out his country. By his own admission, he was neither threatened nor offered any inducements by his captors.

He was, of course, afraid. But so were his buddies on the front line who kept fighting and did not surrender their arms as he was begging them to do.

As for the charge that the army has double-crossed some of the non-repatriated soldiers whom it lured back with promises not to prosecute, we have a tape recording of the actual broadcast made to those men. It said, in effect, "If you return, we will not place charges against you for your previous refusal to return, which was desertion."

But the army never promised, and couldn't promise, to erase all the offenses ever committed by those men. They were held strictly accountable for their acts while PW's, just as every other man was, but they were given amnesty for having deserted.

One thing should be stated clearly: the army in no way intends to minimize the rigors and hardships of the Korean prison camps. The monotony, the terrible food, the

fears, the threats, the absence of mail, the presence of informers, the occasional punishment by solitary confinement were all hard to take.

But they are not valid excuses for treasonable acts against the U.S. or for committing crimes against fellow prisoners which, in many instances, resulted in their maltreatment or death!

Besides, the records of returned prisoners show that men who refused to collaborate with the enemy fared as well as—in many cases better than—the men who did collaborate. Generally, the former were placed in labor camps and kept busy, the best thing that could have happened to them.

In recent months, various plans have emerged for dealing with "brainwashing." One of the latest was an admiral's personal suggestion that American soldiers be encouraged to say anything their captors want them to, thereby making "brainwashing" unnecessary. This suggestion and others like it lose sight of the fact that a soldier is sworn to defend his country to the death.

When a soldier has weapons, he is bound by duty and patriotism to use them against his country's enemies. He is not absolved from this duty because he becomes a captive. In the absence of material weapons, such as rifle and bayonet, he must use the only weapon left to him: resistance to the harassment of the enemy.

The communist PW's on Kojedo struck us a blow which was heard throughout the world. Is the cause of democracy so much less important than communism that our PW's not only do not resist but are urged to cooperate with the enemy? Let's not forget that one of the aims of communism is to destroy one of the principal strengths of America, its moral fiber. By encouraging soldiers to lie and to "confess," we ourselves break down that fiber and aid the communists in their cause.

The army is not punishing any soldier who performed any act, no matter how vile, if the PW was trying to obtain food for survival, medical aid for any wound or illness, or to avoid physical torture.

But until the army learns of a better way to uphold its own and our country's standards, it will stick by its guns: an American prisoner of war will give his name, rank, serial number, and date of birth. Nothing more. Not a word more. He will continue to fight

mentally and he will do everything in his power to escape. Make capture easy, and you destroy the fighting spirit of your army.

The army realized that its prosecutions would be hard on the families of the men involved, but what about the families of the men who suffered as a result of the selfishness and treachery of the few? If the army does not punish these traitors, has it kept faith with those soldiers who served honorably and, in many cases, made the supreme sacrifice for their country?

It's difficult to estimate the world-wide support that may have been alienated from the U.S. as a result of communist propaganda mouthed by a small group of our soldiers.

Hard, defiant troops are the army's answer to "brainwashing." A policy of "toughness" is better for the soldier himself and for his country. Thousands of men did us proud; only a few disgraced us. For this, we insist on their punishment.

A Matter of Pride

LITTLE PAUL's mother was dismayed when she discovered that he had locked himself in the bathroom and either could not or would not unlock the door. Neither pleading nor threats brought any response. Finally, the young mother called the fire department and explained her predicament. A fireman listened sympathetically, and, learning that the one to be rescued was a little boy, he called into the bathroom, "You come right out of there, little girl."

Promptly the door flew open and an indignant boy marched out. The fireman grinned, "Works nearly every time."

Birmingham News.

Ed Sullivan Says He's Lazy

*But a lot of his work is done
away from the TV cameras*

By
DUANE VALENTY

Condensed from the
*Christian Family**

AS A YOUNGSTER who gave baseball a top spot in his affections, and school a place quite a bit further down, Ed Sullivan never dreamed that the day would come when he'd be visiting schools all over the country. Not that he didn't like his work with the cheerful nuns at St.

Mary's parochial school in Port Chester, N.Y. It was only that there were so many other things a fellow could be doing.

Today, known to kids all over the nation from his *Toast of the Town* television show, Sullivan delights in visiting as many Catholic schools and orphanages around the country as he can crowd into his schedule.

In Oklahoma City, Sullivan attends a benefit for Catholic Charities; in Mobile, he visits the orphanage run by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost; in St. Paul, he addresses the student body at St.



Thomas college; in Toledo, as well as in a few score other cities en route, he talks with children, nuns, Brothers, priests.

"I can't sing, dance, tell jokes, tumble, juggle, or train wild animals," Sullivan admits. "Also, I'm lazy." But a look at his schedule would

be enough to floor most strong men. Ed seems to thrive on it. When he isn't lining up talent he thinks his vast audience will enjoy, he's doing the same thing for one benefit or another. Few men in or out of show business could challenge his record for good works.

There was the time during the war when somebody got to Ed's ear about a sad lack of facilities for special needs of the fellows doing the fighting. Ed didn't stop to think twice; sure, he'd do what he could. He succeeded in raising \$500,000 for the Chaplain's fund, so that priests, ministers, and rab-

*Techy, Ill. July-August 1955. © 1955 by the Divine Word Missionaries, and reprinted with permission.

bis attached to army and navy hospitals would have sufficient money to take care of the special needs of the GI's, sailors, and marines. He was working closely at the time with Father Bellamy at Halloran General hospital and Father Mullins at Thomas England General hospital.

Sullivan grew up in Port Chester. In high school, he was a good student, an outstanding athlete, and editor of the sports column of the school paper. He took his interest in sports and words to a job on the New York *Evening Mail*, which he held for 12 years. He also covered sports for the *Graphic* and the *Morning Telegraph* during that period.

Ed became a "bright-lights" columnist accidentally. A new managing editor of the *Graphic* assumed the role of sportswriter and moved him to the spot of chronicling the glamour and the misery of the Great White Way.

A penchant for picking up interesting sidelights on the city's celebrities and for uncovering human-interest stories among the city's millions made Sullivan one of the most widely read of American columnists.

In 1927, he went to Hollywood, and for three years wrote up the town everybody wished to read about. But New York kept calling irresistibly, and he finally took up the midnight beat again.

When Sullivan, during his Hol-

lywood visit, was first asked to appear on the Family Theater program as host, he did so in typically thorough fashion. So deeply impressed was Sullivan with the importance of prayer in millions of American homes that he insisted on writing his own message for the show. Words rose from the bottom of his heart as he pecked out the message on the typewriter in his hotel room.

"When Helen Hayes lost her young daughter," he wrote, "she almost went insane with grief. Helen told me that the only thing that saved her mind was prayer, daily visits to a tiny New York church on Lexington Ave. Helen lost a daughter, but she won back her faith.

"It was back in 1926 that I first stepped to the radio mike," he continued. "On that first broadcast, I introduced to the country a nightclub trio from Broadway: Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. Lou Clayton has since died. I was talking to his widow, Ida, a few nights ago here in Hollywood, and she recalled that Lou was one of Family Theater's greatest fans. He believed, as we do, that prayer is the only way to win peace for ourselves, peace for our families, peace for our world. In pursuit of that thought, Family Theater urges you to pray and particularly to pray together as a family."

Ed was a bit hesitant at first about appearing on television. Ra-

dio he knew and had successfully handled, but TV was something else again. However, having decided to be himself and let the quips fall where they might, he took the plunge and was an immediate success. People liked his down-to-earth looks and bashful manner.

Always on the lookout for talent in this country and abroad, Sullivan endeavors to bring the best to his viewers, and spots future headliners with uncanny perception. At the last count, more than 100 performers had gone on to successful careers as a result of appearances on *Toast of the Town*. Broadway and Hollywood TV talent scouts are said to watch the program more studiously than any other because of Ed's practice of engaging budding players along with established professionals.

In 1950, Ed was arranging a benefit in Boston when a sudden strike of technicians threatened to undermine everything. It looked as though a lot of money would be lost unless somebody could think of something.

Ed paid a few visits around Boston to friends old and new. Among them was a stop at a charity bazaar run for the Marist Missionary Sisters.

He told the nuns of his trouble and asked for their prayers. The Sisters advised him not to worry about anything, because "they got up very early every day and would ask God to settle the strike by Sun-

day morning." At 8 A.M. word came through that the strike was over.

Grateful, Ed looked further into the Sisters' work, care of lepers in the Pacific, and was so impressed with their cheerful, optimistic approach to a job most people would shrink from that he offered to do a benefit for them.

The show was a major success. Sullivan personally got the talent, wrote some 1,200 letters asking friends in Boston, New York, and Miami to sell tickets, and, finally, emceed it.

The missionary project was a true lesson in brotherhood, for scores of men and women of all faiths worked together to make it a financial success.

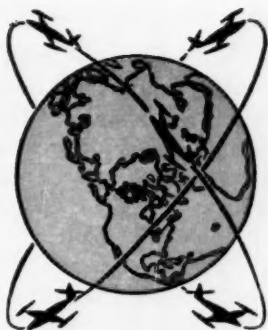
Veterans' hospitals have enjoyed visits of Sullivan's troupes for years. For that reason, and for his outstanding work in selling war bonds, the armed forces have cited him five times.

The genial New Yorker was given the 1950 American Brotherhood award for distinguished civil service. He has also been honored for the help he has given to B'nai Brith, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, the Bronx V.A. hospital, the New York Foundling hospital, the Negro Actor's guild, Catholic Charities, the Red Cross, the Sister Kenny foundation, St. Albans Naval hospital, the Israel Friendship train, and dozens of other causes.

*The new U.S. Air Force academy trains
its students to be generals in 1975*

Air School for Things to Come

Condensed from *Newsweek**



THE LONG-RANGE mission of the new U.S. Air Force academy will be to train generals, not second lieutenants." So says its superintendent, Lt. Gen. Hubert Reilly Harmon. Last July, he welcomed the academy's first class of 301 young Americans, the pick of 6,350 applicants. He knows that it will be men like these who will make the decisions upon which victory or defeat may hang in some future conflict.

His view is shared by his opposite numbers at all the world's great military academies: West Point and Annapolis, Sandhurst and Dartmouth in England, St. Cyr in France, and, no doubt, Frunze in Russia.

General Harmon and his faculty face a difficult teaching assignment. Airmen operate in small units. Their battlefield changes continually. No group depends so much for its success on its leaders having a broad mental horizon. Yet no group is so wedded to the use of complicated machines, demanding in-

creasingly narrow and specialized knowledge.

Whether diving on an enemy formation in his jet plane or sitting at the remote controls of a monster missile, the airman must perform jobs that strain a man to the near-breaking point, physically, mentally, and spiritually. As Charles A. Lindbergh says in *The Spirit of St. Louis*, "We realize that the very efficiency of our machines threatens the character of the men who build and operate them. We begin to wonder how rocket speeds and atomic powers will affect the naked body, mind, and spirit. We have come face to face with the essential problem of how to use man's creations for the benefit of man himself."

There is an unsettling, if challenging, newness about everything the cadets will experience. The academy's permanent home, now taking shape at Colorado Springs, Colo., in the foothills of the Rockies, will cost at least \$126 million.

Not until 1957 will the cadets

**Newsweek* Bldg., Broadway and 42nd St., New York City 36, June 6, 1955. © 1955 by Weekly Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

be able to move from their temporary quarters at Lowry Air Force base, in Denver. Their 54-man faculty, all Air Force officers, were assembled last year. School song, mascots, student customs are yet to come. To make up for the lack of upper classmen, those guideposts to good deportment at West Point and Annapolis, 70 young Air Force officers will act as cadet officers for the first two years.

The man-and-machine dilemma dominates the course of study. Cadets will learn very little flying at the academy—that comes later. Most of their studies will be the physical sciences, starting with chemistry and physics and leading into thermodynamics and aerodynamics. Besides 258 hours of airmanship (including physiological training, meteorology, and instrument reading), cadets will get intensive drilling in navigation. The degree given, like those at West Point and Annapolis, will be the Bachelor of Science.

To balance the technical studies, the academy will give many courses in the liberal arts—twice as much as either West Point or Annapolis. Three years of literature, three of history, a fourth-year course in international relations, and two years of philosophy, including logic and psychology, will keep the program from becoming too narrowly specialized.

Cadets will get regular military training plus survival training (for

example, how to make out in a strange land with a pistol and some fishhooks). They will also have some introductory paratrooper and submarine training. There will be the same wide program of athletics as at West Point and Annapolis, but there will be only half the amount of drill.

Officers and men fly together in close quarters, so the Air Force has never been overly formal in its discipline. Harmon says, "We intend to stress self-imposed discipline. If you have that you don't need rigid discipline."

When General Harmon was appointed superintendent of the academy, he pointed out that the school has a peculiar advantage. "There are no vested interests to fight, and no traditions to buck."

What traditions have the new cadets bucking for them? An Annapolis man or a West Pointer may sometimes feel crushed by precedent. But it can also give a young man reassurance to stand on the cannon-lined plain above the Hudson with the shades of Pershing and Lee, or to walk toward the Severn, past Tecumseh's statue, in the steps of Dewey and Porter. The tradition of the Air Force academy has not yet been written, but it is there.

It is understandably a new one. Many of the men who made it are still alive—the great generals of the 2nd World War, like Carl A. Spaatz, Curtis E. LeMay, Nathan

F. Twining. Others are not long dead. Brig. Gen. William Mitchell, the shrill, brilliant man who first saw the Air Force as a separate, decisive military arm, died in 1936.

It is also, importantly, a rebel tradition. For almost 20 years, landmen, in the army and the navy especially, saw no sense in flying, and said so. As late as the 1st World War the army put out a celebrated order forbidding forced landings.

Misunderstanding only made the old airmen more pugnacious. They were in the process of discovering air power, from the day a machine gun was first tested in the air, to the time in 1918 when Billy Mitchell led the first mass air attack in history against German troops in the Meuse-Argonne salient. They knew they had something good.

General Harmon grew up with the old men of the Air Force. The son of an army man himself, he was graduated from West Point in 1915. A classmate, Dwight D. Eisenhower, remembers him as a skinny fellow of 5 feet 6 who kept trying to make the football team.

Harmon served in the Coast Artillery, later transferred to the Air Corps. In the 1st World War, he got to France too late to see much action himself, but during occupation duty in Germany, his path crossed Billy Mitchell's. Harmon was powerfully influenced by Mitchell's ideas.

In 1925, Mitchell was court-

martialed for his outspoken defense of air power, but he had already made his point. His postwar bombing of the German target battleship *Ostfriesland* proved what the airmen had insisted: that the most powerful sea or ground targets were vulnerable to air bombing.

Mitchell's court-martial made the West Pointers in the Air Corps realize that they were no longer army men, but a breed apart. They started saying so. But real independence had to wait until after the 2nd World War, which left appallingly little doubt about air power's true role. Then, in 1947, the 30-year battle of the old airmen ended when Congress voted to establish the Air Force as a separate, independent branch of the armed forces, and at the same time ordered armed forces unification.

For a time after unification, the Air Force was willing to get its officers by siphoning off a third of each year's graduating classes from West Point and Annapolis. The army and navy protested, and in 1948 the late Secretary Forrestal appointed an Air Force Academy Planning board.

During the 2nd World War, General Harmon had held down several major combat commands. After the war, as a thoughtful general officer with more than his share of staff and training experience, it was natural that he interest himself in the Air academy project.

Until his retirement in 1953,

General Harmon and a committee of college presidents worked out the broad problems of the academy's purpose and curriculum. When in 1954 the Air Academy bill was finally passed by Congress, Harmon was called back to active duty to head the school.

The magnificence of the academy's permanent site defies photography. Beneath the great western escarpment of the Rockies, with a superb view of Pike's Peak, five long, low, pine-wooded mesas or fingers of land—a total of about 17,500 acres—stretch out toward the rolling ranch lands of Colorado. Two of these mesas join to form a kind of Acropolis upon which the academy's buildings for living, teaching, and recreation will be deployed.

What kind of young man does the Air Force want? Lt. Gen. Emmett G. O'Donnell, Jr., the Air Force's deputy chief of staff for personnel, wants "men with good appetites and the ability to control them; men with zip, interest, dedication, and inquisitive minds—the kind of fellows you'd want your daughters to marry."

In addition, the Air Force poses demanding physical standards. Forty per cent of the nominees were rejected on physical grounds; eyesight requirements are severe. The academy planners realize, however, that a lot of very brilliant young men wear glasses, and they may do something about it in the future.

This year's 301-man class was nominated principally by senators and representatives. Besides five regular college-board entrance examinations, they and the 6,049 other applicants took three special aptitude tests. They had to answer questions like: Which of five planets is closest to the sun? Which of five composers wrote *Swan Lake*?

Harmon and his faculty will work out the details of courses and rules as they go, in an open-minded manner. Open-mindedness is a very practical necessity for an institution like the Air academy. The old airmen, in their struggle to pioneer their military medium, learned to prize this quality like gospel. They had seen Billy Mitchell pound the table for his ideas of air power's military supremacy. They had lived to see air power become the chief instrument of total war.

Yet, when the crew of the *Enola Gay* dropped their single terrible bomb on Hiroshima, the new total-war theory toppled. As Brig. Gen. Dale O. Smith, of the Operations Cooperating board in Washington, writes, "The surge of technology as applied to war has ended the era of the nation-in-arms. Survival will depend on the rapidity of launching a well-planned and well-executed attack, an attack which may itself decide the war." The task of military destruction has thus returned to the specialists, the necessarily selective groups who under-

stand the mechanism of total destruction.

So the old airmen, their military theories constantly being revised by their own scientists, have a stiff educational problem on their hands. They must now think of the young men of the academy as future fliers, men who must learn to husband their oxygen supply and never to freeze on the way out of a jet spin.

At the same time, with the guided missile age almost upon us, they must also calculate that in 15 years this sort of thing may be outmoded. The defense of a nation may depend solely on pilotless rockets, controlled by scientists on the ground.

These tactical scientists on the ground, the Air Force feels, must be airmen. "Academy graduates," General Harmon says, "will be pointed toward being air scientists. I anticipate that some will go on to actually become air scientists."

So this year, 301 young men, an unknown number of them future air scientists, will be on the first lap of four tough, exciting years, learning as much as the old airmen can teach them about a new, honorable, and extraordinarily subtle tradition. In this era of explosive scientific change, no group of young Americans knows less about its own future. No group will have more responsibility in the nation's future.



Man of Distinction

SHORTLY AFTER he was knighted, Professor Walter Raleigh, the distinguished British scholar and critic, who was descended from the Sir Walter of fame, was invited to lecture at Princeton.

Nobody at Princeton knew what he looked like, but they did know what train he was taking. One of the Princeton professors volunteered to meet the train. Being a somewhat absent-minded professor, he arrived after the train had pulled in. He saw to his dismay that the passengers were already scattering in different directions.

As he was about to turn away in despair, he caught sight of a distinguished looking man wearing a bowler hat, wing-collar, and dark suit, and carrying an umbrella. Certainly the man appeared to be both a scholar and an Englishman. He must be the one!

The professor hurried up, and, a little out of breath, puffed, "I beg your pardon. Would you be Sir Walter Raleigh?"

The distinguished-looking gentleman turned, gave the wilting professor a long, measured look, then spoke with some asperity.

"No sir, I happen to be Christopher Columbus. Sir Walter Raleigh has just gone off with Queen Elizabeth to look for a puddle!"

The Apostle (July '55).

Successors of Father de Foucauld make friends among the fiercest people in tropical Africa

God's Foreign Legion

By TANNEGUY DE QUENETAÎN

Condensed from *Réalités**

MEETING ONE of the Brothers of the Order founded by Father Charles-Eugène de Foucauld is not easy. Your only chance is to venture into the slums of a European city or the stinking alleys of a village in the Near East or out onto a desert track crossing the Sahara. Then you understand why people call them "God's Foreign Legion."

We met them in the little town of Tamanrasset, the capital of the Hoggar in the Sahara. The town lies on a plateau nearly 5,000 feet above sea level. It is a beauty spot of the Sahara, with flowering orchards, irrigated gardens, and pink European villas stretching out in front of the white sand of a dried-up wadi.

Naturally, we did not find the Brothers in this part of Tamanrasset. They were on the other side of the wadi, in the miserable hamlet of a handful of *harratines*, descendants of Negro slaves. We saw 20 huts of dried mud baking in the sun, and nothing to tell us which was the right one.

A youngster suddenly appeared

in the deserted streets, and pointed out to us a block of crumbling earth no different from its neighbors, "That is the house of the Marabouts."

We crossed the threshold of a small room, dark and bare. Two or three reed mats covered the earthen floor and, in one corner, there was a blanket over a mattress. A shelf with a few books hung above the bed, and, above the books, a wooden cross with a red heart in its center. On each side of the heart, "*Jesus, Caritas*" was written in Tifinagh letters



*432 4th Ave., New York City, and Paris and London. June, 1955. © 1955 by Realites, and reprinted with permission.

(the Libyan alphabet used by the Tuaregs). To the left was a photograph of Father de Foucauld. That was all.

A cloth hanging parted, and a swarthy bearded man entered from another room. He was wearing a long, dark-blue tunic and a black *sarouel*, the baggy trousers of the Tuaregs. This was Brother Jean-Marie, head of the Tamanrasset fraternity. Two other Brothers shared with him a life devoted entirely to prayer, to work (manual and intellectual), and to visiting nomad camps in the mountains.

Officially, they should be known as the Little Brothers of Jesus, but they are never called anything but the Brothers of Father de Foucauld. Charles-Eugène Viscount de Foucauld was born in Strasbourg in 1853. He gained early fame as a soldier (he was a graduate of St. Cyr, France's West Point) and an explorer. But he entered a Trappist monastery in 1890 and, in 1901, received Holy Orders.

During his years in the desert at Beni-Abbès and at Tamanrasset, he dreamed of founding an Order based on three principles: imitation of the life of Jesus at Nazareth, adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and living the existence of forgotten peoples. He accentuated poverty, hard work, and an apostolate by example rather than words.

As he formulated the rules of the new Order, Father de Fou-

cauld waited for companions, in vain. Candidates were few—one, Brother Michel, lived two months with Father de Foucauld at Beni-Abbès, but then fell ill. In December, 1916, Father de Foucauld was assassinated at Tamanrasset by a band of Senussi Tuaregs, and when he died he did not have a single disciple.

Less than 20 years later, however, a few Brothers under the leadership of Father Voillaume formed the first Brotherhood of Jesus. They now number nearly 200, living in about 20 fraternities scattered throughout France, North Africa, tropical Africa, the Near East, the Far East, and South America. In 1939, an Order of women, the Little Sisters of Jesus, was also established on the rules laid down by Father de Foucauld.

The Brothers have no fixed dress; they wear the famed white robe of Father de Foucauld with its red heart crowned by a cross only when they are in their chapel. In these respects, they lead a life similar to that of the worker-priests, except that they always live in a community of three or four.

When Brother Jean-Marie arrived in Tamanrasset in 1951, he knew no Tamahaq, the language of the Tuaregs. His first task was to plunge into the dictionary compiled by Father de Foucauld. He took up his quarters in the founder's hermitage. He moved into the Brothers' present house only after

Brother Alex arrived a few months later. In 1953, the third member of the Hoggar fraternity, Brother Antoine, came to Tamanrasset.

At first, the Brothers were able to make contact only with the rare natives who spoke French. But news of their arrival spread quickly into the mountains. The Dag Rali tribe still remembered Father de Foucauld. Ouksem Ag Chikkat, a tribe leader, had been Father de Foucauld's closest friend among the Targui people (he had even accompanied him on a trip to France), and he called on the Brothers at once.

Relations with the mountain tribes were sporadic at first. Brother Jean-Marie was the only priest at Tamanrasset (the others are lay Brothers) and he had to attend the Europeans in the town. The mountains were two or three days away over the desert. Then the Brothers bought three camels and hired a guide, a *harratine*, who became a close friend and soon showed an interest in the Bible in Arabic translation.

"What struck me most of all then was the meaning certain parables take on here as compared to their meaning in Europe," Brother Jean-Marie told us. "Take the parable of the Good Shepherd. All of that effort to find a stray lamb! Why, it happens every day in the Hoggar. An entire tribe will go out to hunt a single lost goat. Does that mean that the Tuaregs

can become Christians? That does not depend upon them, nor upon us."

These friendly but rare meetings with the Tuareg mountaineers continued until last February—and then the Brothers changed their life completely. A priest arrived in Tamanrasset, and freed Brother Jean-Marie from his obligations there. Brother Alex, a scientist, had already run a meteorological station for a year at Tamanrasset, but the government now asked him to set up a station out in the Hoggar at Asekrem. Finally, three Sisters of Jesus arrived on the scene, intending to make contact with mountain tribes. Brother Jean-Marie and Brother Alex decided to settle in Asekrem.

The night they arrived, they said Mass. From a distance, a few Tuaregs watched, but as the sun set they suddenly left their guests to face in prayer towards Mecca. Then they brought dinner.

The next morning the Brothers mentioned to the tribesmen that the Sisters would like to pitch their camp near by (so that they could work with the women of the tribe). The Dag Ralis were hesitant. They talked about the shortage of water, the poor pasture lands, and the poverty of the tribe. They could not realize that these women could live as their neighbors without becoming a daily burden.

The Sisters made camp a short distance away, while the Brothers

went on to Asekrem. They are there today, praying and working in two tiny cells. Several Tuaregs have already visited them. To these Tuaregs, and to anyone else, the door of the hermitage is always open.

Here on a vast tropical plain hemmed in by the foothills of the Mandara mountains, two Brothers and four Sisters spend every waking hour with their visitors. Nearly all of the hermitage's visitors are Kirdis, pagans from the mountains. You can see them wandering around the 20-odd huts of the fraternity, laughing, chatting, washing at a well, or else anxiously waiting in front of the largest hut, the Brothers' dispensary.

These Kirdis are supposed to be one of the fiercest tribes in tropical Africa in their resistance to any foreign influence. They live in mountain retreats, raising millet on terraces. They cling to their independence, which they managed to preserve back in the early 1800's, when the Foulbes, Moslem nomads, conquered the plain. Today, the Kirdis shun any man who is not from their mountains, no matter what his color.

Since the Kirdis were an agricultural people, the Brothers believed at first that they would be easier to approach than the elusive nomads. Besides, the Kirdis had neither the firm religious beliefs nor the strong tribal organization of the nomad Tuaregs.

But the Brothers did not have an easy time. When they arrived, they and the Sisters decided to settle in the mountains. The local government became uneasy—and grew nearly hysterical when the Brothers chose a village of Ouldémés (the fiercest of all the Kirdis) as their future home. The Brothers were warned that they were risking disaster.

There was no disaster. The village elders simply made it clear that the mountain was sacred and that white men would bring evil. Evil to whom? No one really knew, but the Brothers and Sisters pitched their camp on the plain not far from the Ouldémé village. They moved into straw huts, but they soon found that, while it was possible to live like the Kirdis, no one could eat like the Kirdis, whose diet consisted solely of millet. The fraternity decided to eat vegetables, but they needed money to buy vegetables.

At this point, the Brothers founded a transport concern, using the truck which had brought them to the Cameroons to haul peanuts and cement. At the end of two years, competition from private companies forced them to stop but, by this time, Sister Monique had arrived with a nurse's diploma. That enabled her to obtain a small grant from the Cameroons Health service and she was soon able to announce to the curious nomads that she was willing to care for them.

A few patients turned up cautiously. Soon the number of patients climbed steadily, and Brother Jacques, the head of the fraternity, had to come to the aid of Sister Monique. Last year, the fraternity treated 45,000 patients, and the government grant rose to about \$2,800. After the trucking venture's failure, this is now the only source of income for the six Brothers and Sisters.

Besides running the dispensary, the fraternity has been able to establish close relations with four villages (each of about 1,000 inhabitants), two Ouldémé and two Mada. In these villages, Brother Jacques is now considered a true friend.

Two years after the Ouldémés tried to bar their access to the mountain, the Brothers now have a guest hut in the same Ouldémé village. They spend one night a week there.

The Brothers, in this respect, find they can work most effectively

with the tribes' young men. "A man over 30 is usually too deeply rooted in his customs to accept any outside moral influence," Brother Jacques told us. "By contrast, the young men appear to have open minds."

One day, a young Ouldémé husband asked Brother Jacques why Christians took only one wife. The Brother tried to explain that a deep, reciprocal love cannot be one-sided and, therefore, is incompatible with polygamy: "If you really love one wife, you do not need another."

Brother Jacques did not condemn polygamy, he merely explained that monogamy was a richer form of conjugal love. Since then, the young Kirdi has flown in the face of tribal custom to live with only one wife. It is by such methods, based solely upon friendship and confidence, that the Brothers of Father de Foucauld carry out their apostolate—a word which they never mention.



Ill Tale Told Well

Three men assigned to a room on the 30th floor of a hotel learned that the elevator was out of order. To occupy their minds during the long climb, they devised a plan whereby the first man would tell funny stories for the first ten flights; the second man, adventure stories for the next ten; and the third, sad experiences for the last ten.

With their laughter, the first ten flights were easy. And the same for the next ten. At the 21st floor, the third man was silent.

"Let's have those sad stories," the others urged.

"All right, I'll tell the saddest of all tales first," he said. "I forgot the key."

LCRA News (April-May, '55).

*Ten years of Red influence are being rooted out
by President Armas' new regime*

Guatemala's Year of Freedom

By EDWIN A. LAHEY

Condensed from the *Chicago Daily News**

A YEAR AGO last summer, a dark little man named Carlos Castillo Armas toppled the communist-dominated government of Guatemala. The first anniversary of the revolt was marked by a *Fiesta de Liberación* in Guatemala City to celebrate the battles which knocked out the Kremlin's only beachhead in the western hemisphere.

But beneath the air of festivity, there was a grim subsurface of political, social, and economic problems for President Armas in his earnest attempt to steer Guatemala on a middle course between far left and far right.

The economic life of the little republic has been hit hard from two directions in the first year of liberation. The decline in coffee prices has seriously dented Guatemala's most important source of foreign exchange. A crop failure has caused a shortage of corn, the

staple food of Guatemala's 3 million people. The price of corn has risen sharply.

These conflicting price movements, coffee down and corn up, have created an economic squeeze that might have been fatal without U. S. aid, and which could still be critical without continued assistance.



Carlos Castillo Armas

The economic squeeze is only one of the afflictions that have given Castillo the look of an unhappy man. The communists are still as thick as fruit flies in Guatemala. They had

ten years to get the place staked out, and their diligent organizing efforts were not wiped out completely in the revolt against the Arbenz government.

The Guatemalan Reds are under cover, and in no position to threaten the government. But their clandestine press is active, and they are keen for every chance to in-

*400 W. Madison St., Chicago 6, Ill. July 13, 1955. © 1955 by the Chicago Daily News, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

filtrate the government or to capitalize on discontent.

At the other end of the political spectrum there is a reactionary right-wing group which yearns for the almost forgotten years under dictators who permitted a virtual state of peonage for the workers.

But 70 elected members of a constitutional committee have now drafted a basic code for governing the country. A new Congress elected this fall will make the Republic of Guatemala take its place in the free world as a democratic country.

Following the revolution, Armas ruled by executive decree. The right to strike was suspended, but the new constitution restores it.

Despite his genuine devotion to democratic principles, Armas has found it necessary to operate like a dictator. (He was elected to a six-year term as president in a plebiscite after the revolution.)

Armas has wielded great power over the liberty of individuals through a government group known as the Committee for Defense Against Communism. This committee puts the finger on suspected communists and recommends to the President that he send them to jail.

"This is the only way we have to prevent their continued agitation," the President said at a press conference. "Nobody has been and nobody will be tortured, as prisoners were under the Arbenz government. But some defense measures

against the communists must be taken."

Armas said that the prison sentences he gives such communists range from 30 days to six months.

Although the Armas government appears to be in no danger of popular revolt, there is some discontent. Some of it stems from the unfortunate economic events and some is the grumbling of democratic groups, particularly students.

Still another brand of unrest comes from the reactionaries, who resent Castillo's determination to restore a trade-union movement free from communism, and to continue land reform on a modified scale.

President Eisenhower's invitation to Armas to be his guest in Washington last summer, coming on top of the assistance in money and food that has poured in from the U.S., has done much to build up Armas' prestige in Guatemala. U.S. backing is the best insurance he could have against a military coup by any colonels who are still smarting at the humiliation they suffered when their army turned tail before a motley band of revolutionaries. But his "in" with Washington also presents problems to Armas.

For ten years, the people of Guatemala were saturated with anti-U.S. propaganda. The biggest job ahead for Armas is to convince the largely illiterate Indian population that 1. its communist overlords were ruthless liars and thieves, and

2. that the U.S. is not such a bad friend to have after all.

The new government has done an intensive job of telling the Indians about the wickedness of the Arbenz government. Photos of the tortures and assassinations committed by the Arbenz secret police in the final days of the Red regime are on walls all over Guatemala, with the caption, "The Blessings of Communism."

The amount stolen by Arbenz, who fled to Europe, and a few other high officials of his government will probably never be known in detail. But it runs high into the millions. Records left by the Arbenz government show, for example, that \$1 million in cash was withdrawn from the Agrarian bank and turned over to Arbenz just a few days before his administration fell.

Other records show that Mrs. Arbenz, a week before the communist collapse, wrote a personal check for \$300,000 payable to a man in Guatemala City. This man purchased bank drafts with this check and transferred the funds to banks in Canada, Switzerland, and other countries.

On the positive side, President Armas has gone out of his way to tell his people of the aid given by the U.S. This totaled more than \$10 million in the first year of the Armas regime and will probably rise to more than \$40 million in the coming year.

The financial help from Wash-

ington goes into highways, housing, resettlement, hospitals, and other projects which create employment and boost living standards. At every opportunity, the government informs its people that these improvements are made possible by the friendliness of the *Norte Americanos*.

The U.S. government also has started to move 30,000 tons of surplus corn to Guatemala as a gift to relieve the food shortage.

One of the most important figures in the drama climaxed by the overthrow of the communist government a year ago is relatively unknown outside his native Guatemala. He is the Most Rev. Mariano Rossell-Arellano, Archbishop of Guatemala.

A frail little man with gray hair and a lively but ascetic face, Archbishop Rossell-Arellano preached and wrote courageously against communism during the Arbenz regime, at the risk of exile or assassination. By his successful defiance of the Arbenz government, he helped create the atmosphere which made Guatemalans welcome Castillo as a liberator.

Archbishop Rossell-Arellano's influence did not end with the revolt. When Castillo took over, the archbishop preached the "middle road" of social justice, giving moral support to the President's desire to steer clear of the extremes of either left or right.

More recently, the archbishop did

much to end an 84-year period of formal anticlericalism in the government of Guatemala. Guatemala is 95% Catholic, but since 1871 there have been many constitutional restrictions on the Church. A year ago there were only 130 priests in Guatemala.

Most of the aggressive restrictions against the Church have been omitted from the new constitution despite a strong representation of anticlerical liberals on the committee which drafted the charter. When it seemed likely that these lawmakers might preserve the restrictions against the Church, Arch-

bishop Rossell-Arellano gave notice that he would preach against the new government if he had to do so from exile.

There is a loosely worded compromise clause in the constitution to prohibit political activity by priests, but it ostensibly assures freedom of expression in the pulpit and also opens the way for priests to take part in the labor movement and other social programs.

The new constitution gives no privileged status to the Catholic Church. It guarantees complete religious freedom and declares all creeds equal before the civil law.



How to Spot a Millionaire

THINK YOU'D know a millionaire if you saw one? Fifty years ago, spotting one was easy. He'd have a diamond stickpin as big as an egg in his tie. He rode around in private railroad cars, chewed \$2 cigars, and often bawled out the headwaiter.

Today's millionaire is a different breed. A recent survey of the last ten years' crop of millionaires shows him to shape up like this: He's about 48, just under 6 feet tall, weighs about 160. He's married, and has two children. Yet, when he got married, he was no millionaire. He looks like a conservative businessman—and probably is.

Yesteryear's millionaire had lots of servants: chef, butler, gardeners, valet, chauffeur—the works. Our man is lucky if he has a cook and a maid. He wouldn't know what to do with a valet if he had one.

On the other hand, he has a lot of lawyers and tax experts working for him. Besides his family physician, he sees a lot of specialists, including a psychoanalyst. He can boast of more ulcers than any of his predecessors.

He owns two cars, one a station wagon. He doesn't own a yacht, but he's thinking of buying a plane. His children go to private schools, but have no tutors nor governesses. He himself has had two years of college.

New York World-Telegram (13 June '55).

A century-old dream will soon produce a man-made Mediterranean between the U.S. and Canada

St. Lawrence Seaway

Condensed from *Time**

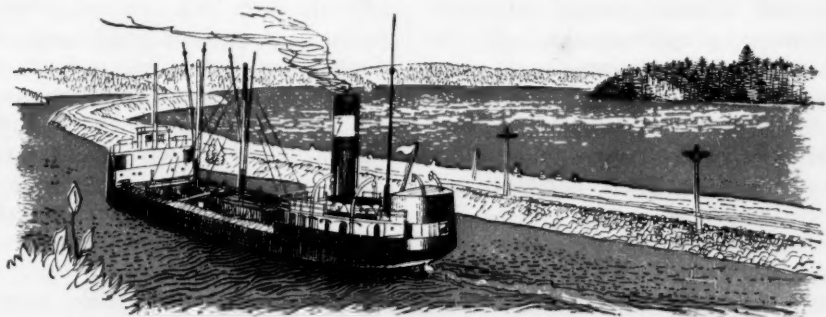
A LONG THE St. Lawrence river, seaward outlet of the world's busiest inland waterway, a century-old dream is coming true. A work force of 15,000 men, with modern construction machines, is gathering on the U.S. and Canadian banks of the river to build the long-heralded St. Lawrence seaway.

When it is finished in 1959, some 13 billion kilowatt hours of low-cost electricity, three times the output of Hoover dam, will be generated annually by the river's waters for U.S. and Canadian industry. The river and the Great Lakes it drains will be transformed into a man-made Mediterranean, on which seagoing ships can sail westward 2,300 miles into North

America's industrial heartland.

The seaway's impact on both the geography and economy of the U.S. and Canada will be enormous. More than 8,000 miles of new coastline will be added. Lake-front cities like Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Duluth, Buffalo, Toronto, and Hamilton will become deepwater ports, 500 miles closer to Europe by seaway than at present.

Goods now shipped by rail to the Atlantic from the U.S. Midwest at a cost of \$13 a ton will be sent down the St. Lawrence to the sea for about \$1.70. Millions will be spent along the water front to enlarge ports, and new industries will be drawn to the lake cities to



*9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City 20. June 6, 1955. © 1955 by Time, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

take advantage of the faster export service and lower shipping rate.

Ever since the French sea captain, Jacques Cartier, discovered it in 1535, the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes route has been North America's most important waterway. Cartier thought he had found a new route to China; he and later French explorers pressed on upriver expecting to find Oriental gold and spices.

They never reached China, but the *voyageurs*, fur traders, and missionaries who came after them canoed up the river and its tributaries into lands that were to prove far richer. The river led them to the Mississippi valley, the Great Plains, and the fur, mineral, and timber country of Northern Ontario and Quebec. Their camp sites, trading posts, and missions are today's cities and towns.

In the following two centuries, the history of Canada and much of the U.S. was written along the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. French colonists carved out their farms on the riverbanks, built the farm houses, shrines, and stone towers that dot Quebec's landscape today. Special ships from France brought young women up the river to marry the lonely *habitants* and populate New France.

In 1759 the river betrayed the colony. The British were able to sail their fleet up its broad stream, conquer Quebec, and end the French regime in Canada. But

some 50 years later, the river's strategic role was reversed. It served as a protective moat which helped to turn back American forces trying to annex Canada to the newly formed U.S.

In the long era of peace that has reigned over it ever since, the river became a great commercial waterway. Fisheries thrived in its waters. Harvests of cod, whale, and eels were yielded by the salt tide that rolls upstream from the Atlantic; sturgeon, whitefish, and trout teemed in the fresh-water lakes. The forests on its shores fed the pioneer lumber industry; log rafts the size of small islands were floated downstream to be loaded on ships at Quebec.

The fertile river valley and lake fronts made ideal farm land, free of the flooding that plagues settlers along most of the world's great rivers. The spring flood on the vast St. Lawrence is only 10 feet, as compared with 50 feet on the Mississippi.

By the late 19th century, when the farms of the U.S. and Canadian West began to flourish, and when iron ore was discovered in Minnesota's Mesabi range, a new rush of traffic poured down the Great Lakes waterway. Canals and locks were built to detour ships around Niagara Falls and other navigation bottlenecks.

Fleets of shallow-draft lake boats began to carry millions of tons of western wheat and beef down-

stream for transshipment to Europe, and cargoes of Mesabi ore for the steel mills of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Ontario. Eventually, the U.S.-Canadian locks at Sault Ste. Marie were handling more freight than the combined total passing through the Panama and Suez canals.

Great as the waterway's traffic was, men on both sides of the border began to dream of making it even greater. Why not deepen the channels, they asked, and build bigger canals so that ocean-going ships could sail inland to the head of the Great Lakes? By 1895, the idea of a vast inland seaway caught on, and government discussions about building it began.

Canadian opinion favored the seaway from the beginning, but in the U.S. it became one of the longest, most stubbornly fought issues ever introduced into Congress. U.S. railroads and East Coast ports and industries, fearing heavy losses if traffic were diverted to the St. Lawrence, formed a powerful lobby that managed to block the project for half a century. Every U.S. President from Wilson to Eisenhower came out in favor of it. But Congress after Congress turned it down; eight seaway measures were pigeonholed or defeated outright between 1934 and 1952.

After the 2nd World War, new factors tipped the scales in the seaway's favor. Mesabi's iron ore dwindled, and a rich, new field was developed in Canada's Quebec-

Labrador area. The inland water route was the shortest way, and the safest in wartime, to bring the vital Quebec-Labrador ore to Midwestern U.S. steel mills.

Finally, in 1951, the Canadian government enacted legislation to go it alone and build an all-Canadian seaway if the U.S. delayed any longer. The challenge cracked the opposition, and Congress passed the seaway bill last May.

The actual work of building the seaway is under way. The U.S. Seaway Corp., headed by Lewis Castle, 65, a Duluth banker and longtime seaway proponent, is directing the work on the U.S. side. A newly formed Seaway Authority, bossed by Lionel Chevrier, former federal Minister of Transport, is carrying out the Canadian operation.

By the time it is finished, the seaway and power project will cost more than \$1 billion. Canada will pay slightly more than 50%, the U.S. slightly less; the two countries will split the seaway tolls in the same proportion to pay off their investment.

Most of the money will be spent in the International Rapids sections, a 46-mile stretch of river on the New York-Ontario border. Two canals, one eight miles long, the other a mile long, will be built around the rapids, and a system of power dams will be set up, with their output divided equally between Ontario and New York state.

Elsewhere along the waterway, existing locks and canals will be dredged and modernized, so that a minimum 27-foot channel will eventually run all the way from the Atlantic to the western tip of Lake Superior. When it is ready, 75% of the world's ships, all but the biggest ocean liners, can sail to the center of the continent.

Every major city on the seaway route is planning water-front improvements to attract shipping. Chicago started work last summer on a \$22.5 million dock expansion program. Toronto already has built a new \$1 million freight

terminal, and is filling in water-front sites for two more. Cleveland, Toledo, Duluth, Buffalo, Hamilton, Montreal, and Quebec all plan to better their harbors and build bigger docks.

More than 40 million tons of ocean cargo are expected to clear through the seaway in its first year of operation, yielding an average of \$1 a ton in harbor fees and loading charges to the various seaway ports. At that rate, St. Lawrence and Great Lakes cities expect to get their money back fast when the seaway dream comes true.



Kid Stuff

DEBRA, a mere 15 months old, proved herself on the side of the Lord during her first trip to Mass. Naturally, she fussed a bit as any normal child would. But mom and dad were able to keep her under control until a couple behind tried to leave unobtrusively. Debbie's cries of "bye-bye" brought the couple, red-faced, back to their pew.

Mark Beltaire in the *Detroit Free Press*.



SISTER was telling the class about Noe and the Ark. "And how do you suppose Noe and his family spent their time aboard the Ark?" Sister inquired. No response.

"Well, do you suppose they did a lot of fishing?" Sister prodded.

"What," exclaimed little Freddie, "with only two worms?"

Reformatory Pillar.



THE YOUNGEST in the family came home from his first day in school the other day beaming with new-found knowledge.

"I found out who the first two people were," she announced, "but I can't remember if it was Odd and Even or Even and Odd."

Polk County (Wis.) *Ledger*.

You Need That Exercise

And your age doesn't make any difference

By MARCUS VAN STEEN
Condensed from the *Star Weekly**



FIVE NOVA SCOTIA fishermen made headlines a short time ago by rowing to shore after their ship sank. Half a century ago, their feat would hardly have rated passing mention.

Their ship went down a mere 32 miles off shore, and there were five men to handle the oars. Their trip, before the days of the gasoline engine, would have been no more than a daily chore. Men still live along the Atlantic who thought nothing of rowing out ten to 15 miles, and then rowing home after a hard day of long-line fishing.

Now, miners, farmers, construction workers, housewives, even office workers—all have machines to relieve them of work. Even the hours of tending the machines have lessened steadily. At the same time, our leisure activities have become more sedentary. Young people who used to play games are now more inclined to watch experts play. Children used to pass the time

in rough-and-tumble activities; now they watch TV or the movies. "Let's take a walk" has changed to "Let's go for a drive."

Unlike his father, today's boy is seldom called upon to chop wood, stoke a furnace or haul out ashes. For the girls, vacuum cleaner and washing machine have displaced broom and washboard. Suburban and country children fare a little better, but they are still worse off than their parents.

A century ago, farsighted men were looking forward to the time when machinery would relieve mankind of drudgery. Now, doctors realize that lack of physical exertion is more to be feared than hard work. The British Medical society's publication, the *Lancet*, says editorially, "No one ever worked himself to death, but a good many people nowadays are literally rotting to death from lack of physical activity."

Lancet statistics show that post-

*80 King St. W., Toronto 1, Ont., Canada, July 9, 1955. © 1955 by the *Star Weekly*, and reprinted with permission.

men live longer than telephone operators. Bus conductors who run up and down the stairs of London's double-deckers live longer than the drivers, who sit all through their working day. And that greatest killer of the past-middle-age group, heart disease, strikes twice as often among sedentary people as among hard workers.

Similar figures are given by Dr. Theodore White, a Boston heart expert. The idea that anyone should stop all vigorous exercise at 40, or at any other age, he says, is ridiculous and dangerous. He urges people to ignore all such advice as "Slow down, you're not as young as you used to be," and to keep up the exercise they have been accustomed to for as long as they feel like it. The two greatest dangers to modern man, Dr. White adds, are overeating and underexercising.

In New York, Dr. Ernest Jokl, internationally known heart specialist, has been studying the problem of why more people die of heart disease now than ever before. The main reason, he found, was that too many dropped all physical exertion upon reaching middle age. The heart, like any other muscle, needs regular exercise.

Dr. Jokl says one of the biggest mistakes we can make is to think that heart attacks are due to exertion. On the contrary, he says, undue slackening of activity leads to degeneration and early death.

Dr. Jokl also attacks the belief that most heart attacks come during exertion. Figures gathered from all over the country show that half of all heart attacks come during sleep, and most of the others happen immediately after a heavy meal. Only 2% happen during or after undue exertion, and most of these could be attributed to tension.

There are thousands of muscles all over our bodies, and all of them have important roles. Our muscles are essential not only for motion, but also in such never-ending functions as blood circulation, digestion, and elimination of body wastes. Other muscles hold the various organs in place, and keep the body erect.

Therefore, when the doctors show concern over muscles, they are not thinking of bulging biceps and knotted torsos. They refer to the intricate system of hidden muscles that make up the bulk of body tissue, and which must work properly if the body is to enjoy general well-being.

That is what doctors mean when they say people are suffering from exercise deficiency every bit as serious as nutritional deficiency or any other health hazards. A lessening of muscular power through inadequate use can result in chronic tiredness, lack of endurance, poor and ungainly posture, weak back, aches and pains in various parts of the body, inadequate elimination, and eventually premature death.

Several years before they had any idea of the cause, medical experts were becoming concerned about some of the more obvious symptoms of muscular atrophy. School doctors were worried about the poor posture of so many children otherwise in perfect health. Army doctors were concerned about the large number of men who developed crippling backaches during training. When they noticed that these cases were nearly always city men, the doctors began to discern the cause.

A survey by New York university confirms the fact that muscular atrophy causes many modern illnesses. The survey was made by Dr. Hans Kraus, who spent two years examining 6,400 typical school children in 12 communities. He found that six out of ten had failed to develop muscle systems able to meet minimum demands of daily living. Only 20% were well developed.

Dr. Kraus blamed lack of activity that used to be considered normal. He said this condition had two main results, both bad. Not only do the children have weak, poorly functioning bodies, but they are going into adulthood psychologically maladjusted because they

never had the emotional outlet of violent physical exertion.

Dr. Kraus advocated daily calisthenics in the schools. He is strongly supported by Dr. Thomas Kirk Cureton, of the University of Illinois, who has been preaching that the modern American is old before his time because he has forgotten how to exercise.

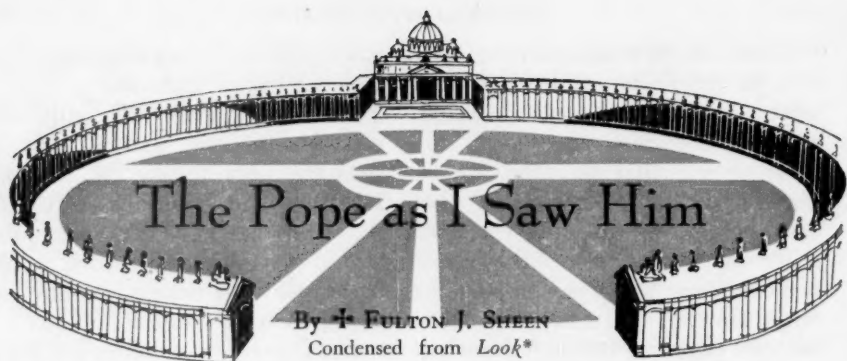
Dr. Cureton and others are arguing that the proper time to start these daily exercises is in the first grades of school, and that they should be continued without interruption all through the school years.

In the meantime, what can parents do at home? The best thing would be to put the children to work again. Sell or retire the power mower and the electric floor polisher. Revive the old family custom of going for week-end walks. Save yourself a drive to the store, and send the children on foot. Say No at least half the time when they ask you to drive them to wherever they're going. And if the children try to make you feel like a pair of old meanies, you can ease your conscience with the thought that you are saving them from later years of chronic aches and pains, and giving them a longer, happier old age.



TOWNSEND's wife went off to visit relatives in the country. Thoughtlessly, she took the key to the mailbox with her. He wired her to get it back to him as soon as possible. So she mailed it to him.

Terry Saktor quoted in *Pageant* (Aug. '55).



RECENTLY, I stood in St. Peter's square with tens of thousands of others, expectantly looking at a window at which the Holy Father appeared daily to visitors and pilgrims below. I wanted nothing more than to make an act of faith in him as Vicar of Christ, and also to receive his blessing.

My business in Rome was finished except for that blessing. There was nothing more I wanted. But that evening about nine, word came that the Holy Father would receive me in audience the next morning at ten o'clock.

Entering into an audience with him makes you feel that you are passing into a bigger world than that left behind; the last cold thing one sees or feels is the marble stairway that leads to the Pope's office. He looked so much better than on previous audiences; and his spirit also seemed even brighter than formerly. The joy at seeing him again made me feel uneasy sitting in the chair he offered me on entering his

office. I am sure that Molotov does not love Khrushchev so much that when he visits him, he wants to kneel in reverence alongside him. But I knelt beside His Holiness, that the physical proximity might better reveal the attachment of heart and soul; nor did he forbid me, as his embrace made the son so happy to be close again to his father.

Now, what kind of a man is he? To me, he is a "dry martyr." A "wet martyr" is one who sheds his blood for the faith in times of persecution; a dry martyr is one who suffers for his faith in times of persecution, but without shedding blood. To the world, it may seem an honor to be a Pope; but to be a Pope, in these times, is to bear a cross.

He had learned early who would do most to give him his cross. When he was the papal nuncio in Munich, he had an opportunity to feel the first sufferings of a dry martyr. On April 7, 1919, under the leadership of a sailor, Rudolph Egelhofer, and three Bolshevik commissars, there

*488 Madison Ave., New York City 22. Aug. 23, 1955. © 1955 by Cowles Magazines, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

was an attempt to set up a Soviet republic. Communist gunmen roamed the streets. Then a Red army was created, which killed 325 people on April 25 in Munich alone. But the number might have been 326. They had raked with machine-gun fire the home of Archbishop Eugenio Pacelli, the papal nuncio. Unmoved by threats, he had mounted the pulpit of the Munich cathedral against the orders of the Red committee. Finally, they decided to assassinate him.

On April 29 at 3 P.M., Commander Seiler of the Red Army of the South and his aide-de-camp Brongratz, armed with orders from Egelhofer, appeared at the door of the archbishop's house in company with a group of Red sailors. The thugs, gaining entrance to the house by threatening the servant with hand grenades, made their way to the library and awaited the appearance of their prey. Seiler took up his appearance closest to the door with a pistol drawn; the gunmen stood around in a semicircle, some with drawn guns, some with hand grenades. Suddenly the wanted man appeared.

With a blasphemy, Seiler threw out his pistol hand; it hit the pectoral cross on the man's breast. This tall, lean figure, grasping the pectoral cross and facing the raised guns, said in soft, low tones, "I am not afraid; I am in God's hands. But you gain nothing! I am interested only in saving my people."

Under the gaze of those spiritual eyes, no one dared pull a trigger. Neither Seiler nor Brongratz nor the others knew why they did not shoot; when they got back to headquarters, they were unable to explain to Egelhofer why they did not kill that man. They were never able to explain why a pair of eyes, a lean figure holding a cross, and a soft voice should be more powerful than their guns and their grenades. There was only one thing that was certain. From that day on, that man would be afraid of absolutely nothing in all the world.

Perhaps no Pope in history has seen so many martyred for the faith as has Pius XII. The first 32 Popes, including St. Peter, were martyrs for the faith. They were the wet martyrs. The present Holy Father has seen millions tortured, persecuted, exiled, and martyred under the beatings of the hammer and the cuttings of the sickle of communism; he has agonized under the double cross of nazism and borne in his body the marks of the sticks of fascism; he has seen the slow attrition of the world, as the shores of Western civilization gave way to the floods of communist aggression—all this and other sorrows, he felt as his own. As a father sees the dark future for a child afflicted with polio, so, from the beginning, he had before him the horrible image of the 2nd World War. When the Belgian ambassador presented his credentials in September, 1939, the

Holy Father told him, "The terrible specter of the future has accompanied us from the first day of our pontificate."

A dry martyr has a right to encourage others to be dry martyrs and, if need be, wet martyrs. Hence, when one of our missionary bishops in China asked him, "If the Reds come into our city and begin a persecution of my people, what shall I do?" the Holy Father told him that he should die for his faith; the good shepherd never abandons his sheep. The Church has more need of martyrs than of apologists. To another, whom he sent back to a persecuted land, he urged that this is the time when many of us shall be called to shed our blood for the cause of Christ.

But what does the Pope think of himself as a man? Just a few weeks ago, when it was an undeserved privilege again to be received by him, at the close of the audience, I thanked him, saying, "Your Holiness, as all human life comes to a consciousness of itself in the head, so too the Church becomes visible, unified, and personalized in Your Holiness. Therefore, to Your Holiness as the Vicar of Christ, I renew my loyalty, my love, and my pledge to do all I can for the cause of God's truth and love in the world."

He answered, "It is true that divine Providence has invested me, although unworthily, in this position as head of the Church, but as a man I am nothing . . . nothing."

This direct quote, and the only one I make from the vivid memories of audiences, I give because it deserves to be recorded for posterity. There is something mysteriously divine about a great human life "emptying himself" after the fashion of the Son of God—becoming the Son of Man.

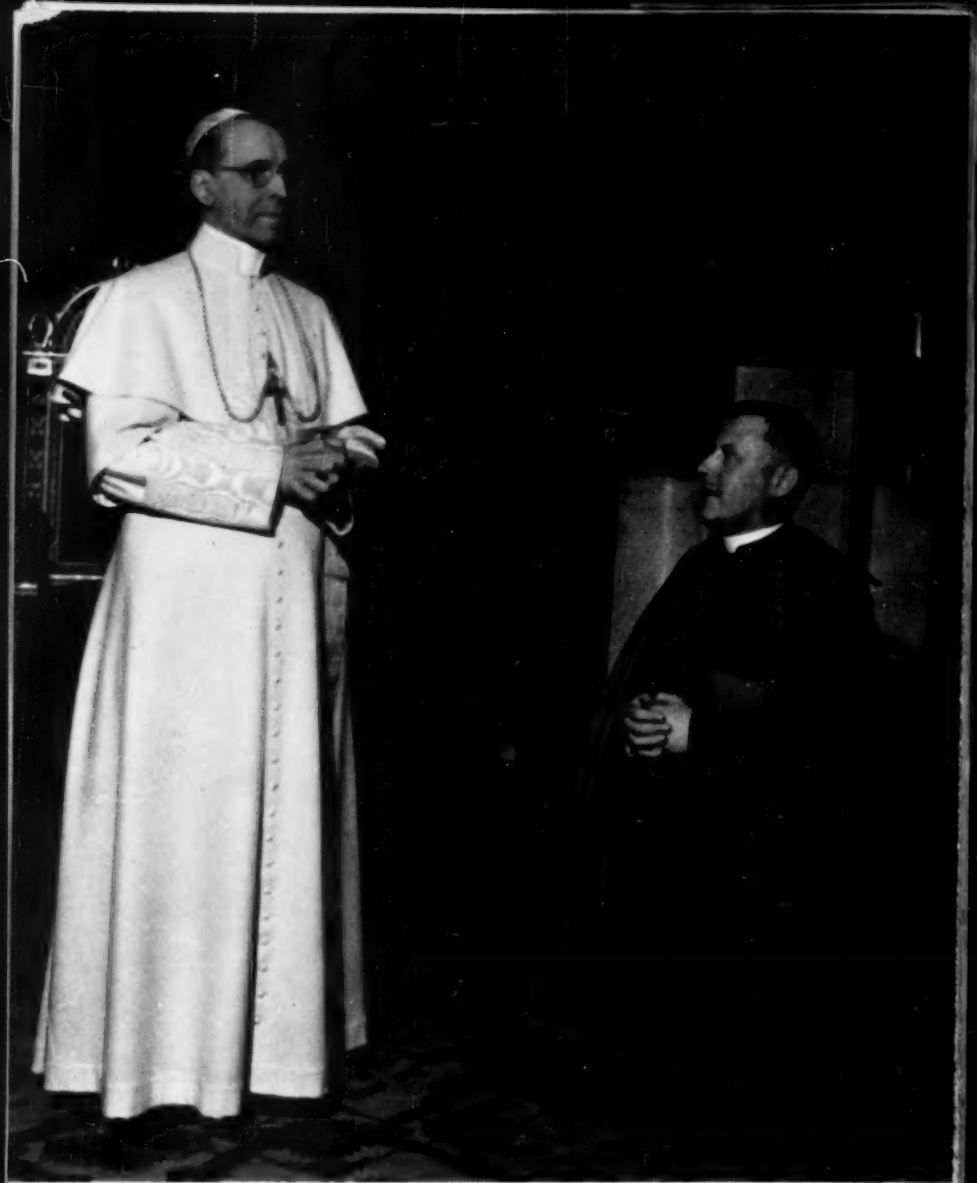
Those who lead saintly lives often repeat with John the Baptist, "I must decrease; He must increase." But here was one who, while admitting the authority he holds from God, nevertheless as a human being almost regretted saying the "I," to express his littleness. This is true greatness, for when does man actually get closest to God except when he returns again to his origin—that nothingness from which he was drawn by the hand of creative love?

For a different reason, Stalin considered the Holy Father as nothing. Once he said to Churchill, "How many legions has the Pope?" The Apostles in Gethsemane, too, must have wondered how many the Lord had in the face of the political power which arrested Him, for He assured them, "Dost thou doubt that if I call upon My Father, even now, He will send more than 12 legions of angels to My side?"

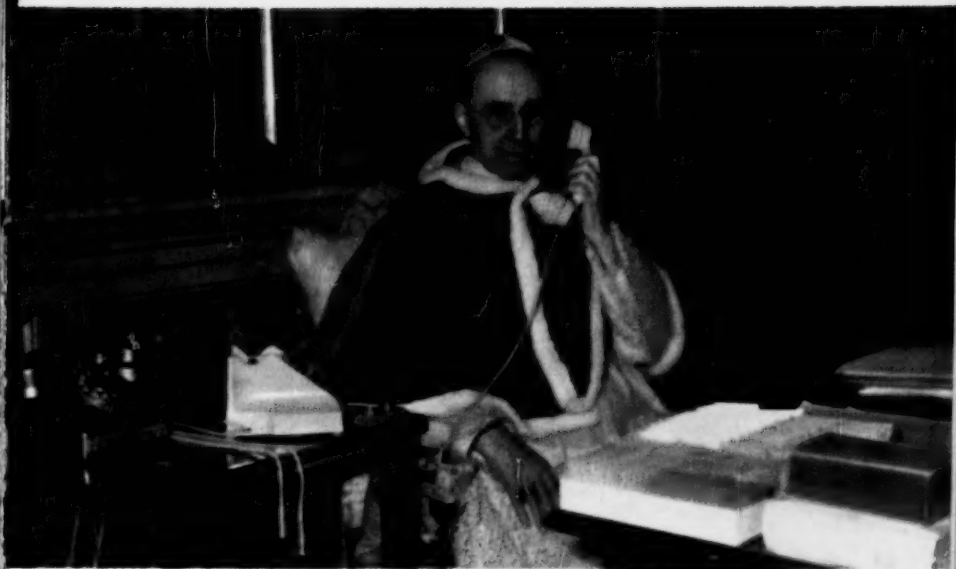
This Man on the Cross must, in these days of his dry martyrdom, rely for strength on those same unseen divine forces. Fittingly, therefore, he has been called Angelic Pastor.



The Catholic Digest offers here a pictorial record of the sanctity and humanity of a beloved Pontiff. May our readers join their prayers with his. May they remember him whenever they enjoy the fruits of his liturgical reforms: whenever they hear the ritual in their own tongue, or pray the Mass at dusk, or receive our Lord more often because of the change in the Eucharistic fast, or share the splendor of the Easter Vigil. For he has brought men closer to "the goodness and winsomeness of Christ."

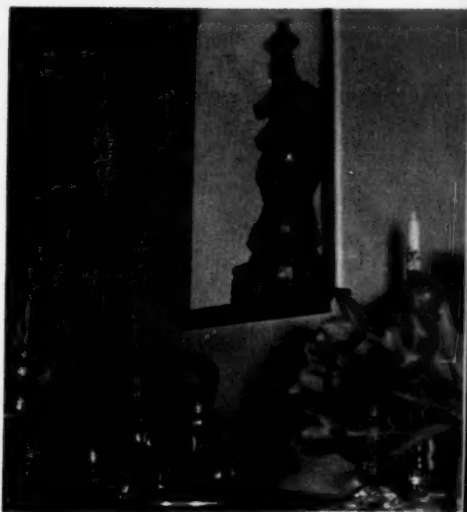


After he has offered Mass and meditated in his private chapel (see previous page), Pope Pius XII has breakfast in his third-floor apartment. At 8:30 a.m. he meets Msgr. Angelo Dell'Acqua of the secretariate of state. The monsignor kneels in homage, then rises, and informs the Pope of the problems of the new day.

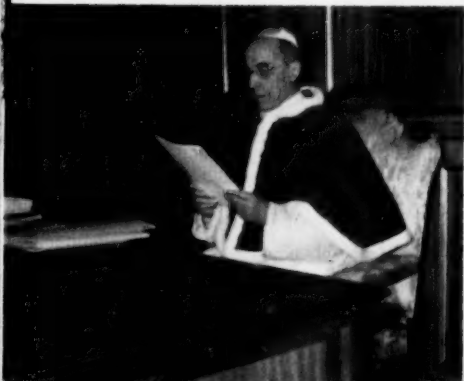


Pius XII uses every modern means of communication. The telephones bear the papal coat of arms.

During the morning he examines the most important documents of the day, and decides which problems of world-wide interest require comment.



His Holiness is fond of flowers. Some always stand in front of the small bronze Madonna in the niche of his dining-room wall.





About 1 p.m. the Pope stops working, and goes up to his dining room for lunch: soup, a vegetable, a slice of meat or boiled fish.



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Photography by Luigi Felici

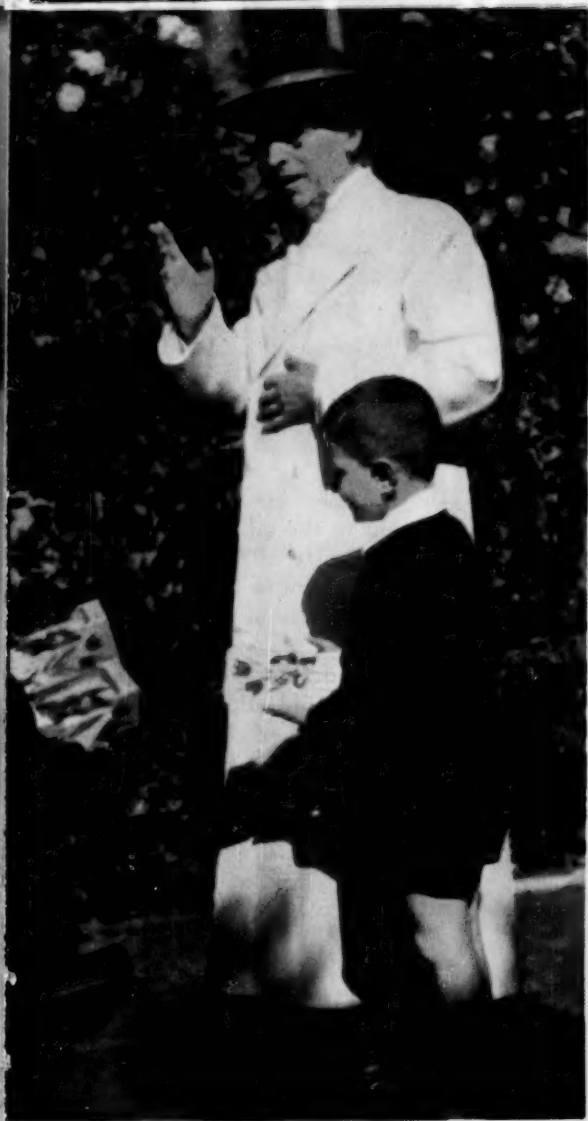
Pius XII is the first Pope to keep pets in his private apartment. In the summertime, he takes the birds with him to Castel Gandolfo. He is particularly fond of one of them, a very tame "Cathedral Singer."





Promptly at 4:30 p.m. the Pope begins his daily walk. For one hour, while he is walking outside, His Holiness reads and signs documents. Normally, visitors are not allowed in the gardens during the Pope's walk. Three children, however, have been permitted to offer the Pope some flowers and wish him good health. He calls them to him, accepts their flowers, chats with them, and gives each a box of candy. Then he blesses them, and resumes his walk.





About 7 p.m. he enters the chapel to say the Rosary. Half an hour later he has supper, often just a cup of coffee. After supper he returns to his office and goes on working until late at night. When doctors asked him last winter to reduce his work, he replied, "I shall be able to rest one minute after I die."

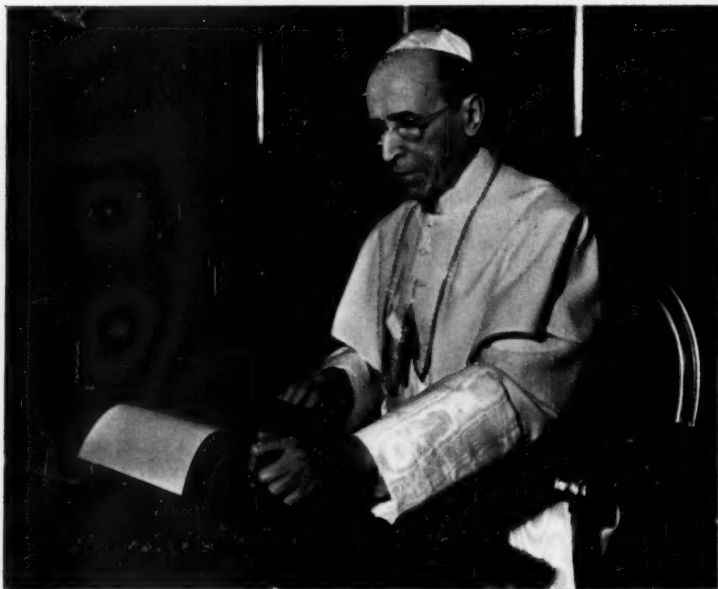


When His Holiness has finished his walk, he gets into his car and returns to the San Damaso yard, just below his apartment. Then he takes an elevator up to his office, and continues his work.





Each year, bound volumes of *The Catholic Digest* are presented to the Holy Father. This year the acknowledgment to the editors was written by Msgr. Dell'Acqua. "From the Vatican, June 16, 1955. His Holiness has drawn great comfort from the fact that you are so efficaciously disseminating Catholic thought through the apostolate of the press. He is deeply pleased by the spirit that animates your magazine, which is so widely and so favorably known in the United States. In wishing the magazine a greater circulation, because that would augment the fruits of goodness and truth you pursue, the Holy Father cordially imparts to you and your collaborators a special Apostolic blessing."



The facts are even stranger than the fiction

Lightning Is Under Your Feet



By ALFRED M. LANSING

Condensed from *Collier's**



As you read these words, approximately 3,600 thunderstorms are lashing the earth. In the time required to take a breath, 100 bolts of lightning are searing through the air somewhere. And so it has always been, 24 hours a day, winter and summer, year in and year out, through all of time since the world began.

Why? Nobody really knows, exactly. Even though man has always been curious about lightning—pictures of lightning were drawn by cave men—our understanding of what it is and how it works has been meager. Research has dealt only with isolated aspects. For example, Ben Franklin's kite-flying experiments simply proved that lightning is electrical in nature. Now, however, investigations into the whole subject of thunderstorms are under way, and we may at last be close to full understanding.

The more we learn about lightning, the more fascinating it becomes, partly because along with its tremendous strength lightning

seems to have a whimsical nature that delights in playing pranks. There was the time it hit a horse standing in his stall in northern New York State, and knocked off his shoes but left him otherwise unhurt. Once it hit a Baltimore woman lying in bed with her hair up in bobby pins. The lightning turned the bobby pins into miniature curling irons, and gave the woman a permanent wave, but did no other harm.

Another time it smacked into the home of an Indianapolis man, went straight to a bedroom closet, and hit a metal container in which the man had hidden \$3,000 in cash and a diamond ring. It disintegrated the container and its contents without harming anything else. Lightning once struck a house in Turkey, raced out to the kitchen, and didn't bother a single object except some eggs sitting in a bowl. It baked them. In Springwater, N. Y., a bolt struck a potato patch and roasted the potatoes soft enough to mash.

*640 5th Ave., New York City 19. July 8, 1955. © 1955 by Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

Last March, a streak of lightning hit a church belfry in Frostburg, Md., short-circuited a recorded electrical chimes mechanism, and announced its presence to the town with a predawn hymn recital.

A New Jersey farmer once got in the way of a bolt which hit the lamp by which he was reading. The lightning gave him a quarter-inch crew cut and a bad scare, but otherwise didn't hurt him.

When lightning is not in a playful mood, the results of its whims are often tragic. Once it struck an airliner over Brazil, causing an explosion which killed 25. On another occasion, it detonated a charge of dynamite placed in a rock being removed from the St. Lawrence river near Brockville, Ont. The ship doing the work, the rock, and the entire shoal it rested on were wiped out and 30 men were killed. One of the most fearful incidents occurred when lightning struck a church in Czechoslovakia, and killed 27 worshipers.

The folklore and misinformation about lightning would fill volumes. You've probably been told some of these things during storms. Don't open windows, because lightning will follow a draft. Don't use the telephone, because lightning can hit the wire and travel along it into your ear. Don't turn on electric appliances, because they become an open invitation to lightning. Don't

sit in your automobile, because cars are excellent targets for lightning. Pure bunk—all of it.

There are other misconceptions. One is that there's a special kind of lightning called heat lightning, which really is just the reflection of distant lightning on the clouds, so far away that you can't hear the thunder. The most widespread fallacy is that lightning never strikes the same place twice. Actually, it may strike a particularly good target as many as a dozen times in a single storm.

The truth about lightning is, if anything, even more interesting than the folklore. Lightning begins under your feet and over your head: in the earth, in its atmosphere, and even in the ionosphere, that huge cushion of gases that surrounds the earth from about 200,000 feet on up to 200 miles. Generally speaking, the atmosphere and the ionosphere are positively charged, whereas the earth is negatively charged. But the atmosphere and ionosphere bleed off electricity to the earth at such a rate that, if nature would permit it, almost their entire charge would be lost in a few minutes.

Nature won't stand for that kind of electrical vacuum, and that's where the thunderstorm comes in. Each of the 3,600 thunderstorms going on around the earth all the time is like a generator, pumping



electricity upward to preserve the balance of nature.

Thunderstorms serve another purpose, too. Dr. Ross Gunn, assistant chief and director of physical research of the U.S. Weather bureau, says there is some expert speculation that if it were not for thunderstorms, the pollution in the air from dust, smoke, and other foreign matter would increase alarmingly and might even reach a level that could cause death.

What really happens when lightning "strikes"? In a full-blown thundercloud, the negative charges are usually on the bottom and the positive on top. As the negative charges on the underside grow stronger, they attract positive charges in the earth, which begin racing along the surface of the ground to the spot directly beneath the cloud.

Billions of earth-bound charges, drawn by the attraction in the cloud above, go zipping across fields, through buildings, along wires, down roads, over bridges and (if they happen to be in the way) through horses and cows and people. You can't feel this induced charge—and, unless it gets very strong (strong enough to produce corona, the so-called St. Elmo's fire), you can't see it.

Electrical tension between the cloud and the ground mounts as the two opposing forces, positive and negative, strive desperately to

unite and neutralize each other. When the air is saturated with charges, the lightning process occurs all in an instant.

First, an invisible spear of electrons called a streamer is hurled toward the earth, plunging perhaps 150 feet before its power is spent. It creates in the air a tunnel of ionized particles capable of conducting electricity. Before it dies, another spear drives down through the channel created by the first and travels about 150 feet farther. Again and again, fresh streamers drive toward the earth. In its final stages, the process reaches such a tremendous state that it is known as an electron avalanche.

The entire process of opening up the unseen tunnel from the cloud to the ground takes only about 1/100 of a second. Sometimes the streamers drive all the way to the ground. More often they simply get close to the earth, and then it happens: the return stroke, the lightning you see, jumps out of the earth and rips up through the ionized channel to meet the charges coming down from the cloud. It's an optical illusion that lightning comes down from the sky and strikes the ground.

The return stroke travels 100,000 times faster than sound, with the power of 10 million locomotives and a heat greater than the measurable temperature on the surface



of the sun. Behind it is a second return stroke, and a third and a fourth. A single lightning discharge may have 40 or more return strokes (47 is the maximum ever recorded) although six or seven are more customary.

Besides making a bright flash, the lightning causes a tremendous bang. The noise level has been estimated at up to 120 decibels, considerably more than the 112 decibels produced by the Air Force's new F-100 fighter revving up its jet engine on the ground 100 feet away. The F-100 is so noisy the Air Force figures the sound could actually kill anyone exposed to it for very long, "by rupturing his brain."

What causes thunder? A number of folk explanations are popular. One says it's the noise produced when two thunderclouds bump into each other. Another, which sounds altogether plausible but is wrong nevertheless, says that thunder is produced when air rushes back into the semivacuum left in the wake of a lightning bolt after it has burned through the air.

Actually, thunder is simply the electrical rending of the air, the sound produced when zillions of electrons which comprise lightning crash into other electrons in the atmosphere. The same thing accounts for the noise of an atomic bomb.

Here is all this heat and power and energy. Surely it should be

possible to harness it and put it to work. Theoretically, it is. But Julius H. Hagenguth, long-time manager of General Electric's high-voltage laboratory in Pittsfield, Mass., who has been working with natural and man-made lightning for 20 years or more, shows where the difficulty lies.

"Lightning is an erratic force. You never know for sure where it's going to hit. An engineer might accurately predict the most probable place, and you could put up some contrivance to trap and store it; but then you'd probably sit around on your hands for ten years before lightning decided to cooperate by smacking into your device. Furthermore, the energy you would gather probably would hardly be worth the trouble and expense."

As unpredictable as lightning may be, it does tend to stick to a clear pattern. It's not too hard to stay out of its way if you understand what routes it is most likely to follow.

Remember this: lightning is trying to jump between the ground and a cloud, and almost anything extending above the surface of the ground reduces by that much the amount of air through which the thunderbolt must leap. If, for example, you're standing in the middle of a treeless field all by yourself, you are the highest object around, and a choice target.

Your rule of thumb, therefore,

is always to give something else the honor of being the highest object in the neighborhood whenever lightning's hanging around. If you're outside, make a beeline for the nearest building, provided it has some steel in its structure (not a completely wooden affair, such as a barn with no lightning-rod system).

If you can't make it to a building, find a gully or ditch, however small, and lie down in it. Stay away from trees; they're probably the favorite outdoor targets for lightning. When a charge passes through a tree, it spills out over the surface of the ground near by, and into you, if you're standing underneath.

Indoors, or in a car, you're usually quite safe, and your degree of safety increases proportionately with the size of the building you're in. Perhaps the safest place on earth is inside the Empire State building, which, though it's sometimes hit a dozen times in the course of a single thunderstorm, carries the charge neatly away through its masonry-enclosed steel shell. The people inside rarely know the lightning is striking.

In your own home, just don't get too near to windows or the fireplace, and you shouldn't have any trouble. The safest place, engineers agree, is inside your furnace. They also agree that it isn't worth the bother.

• • In Our Parish • •

In our parish, the alley behind the church, just off Skid Row, was a hang-out for tramps. Our pastor was kind to them, never failing to give them something when they asked for a hand-out. But he knew that they were a rough crowd, and he was constantly warning the janitor and altar boys to keep the sacristy door locked. "You never know when someone will try to get at the Mass wine," he told them.

One evening Father John found the sacristy door ajar. He looked out. Down the alley a man was hurrying with a bottle in his hand. The very thing the pastor had warned against was happening!

"Stop, thief!" Father shouted, and the tramp broke into a run. But he was no match for the outraged priest. Father caught him with a flying tackle before he had gone a block. The two wrestled for a minute, then Father grabbed the bottle from the thief's hand, and returned triumphantly to the sacristy.

It wasn't until he turned on the light that he realized his mistake. Nothing was missing! He looked at the bottle in his hand. It was labeled "Four Roses."

S.N.J.M.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]



A new (and old) matinee idol is also the idol of his wife and six children

The Many Lives of Don Ameche

By BOB CONSIDINE

Condensed from *Cosmopolitan**



DON AMECHE is believed by some teen-agers to have died shortly after he invented the telephone and just before the dawn of CinemaScope. But the man is not only alive, he became the liveliest man on Broadway when he signed as star of Cole Porter's *Silk Stockings*, a musical version of *Ninotchka*, Garbo's prewar movie about the effects of democracy on a lady commissar.

Ameche's rebound needed the stored-up momentum of a considerable fall. He had toppled out of the Hollywood skies, crashed through the tin roof of radio, received bitter or condescending reviews, and was becoming a charming memory when *Silk Stockings* came along.

In a single night, a man who only a few months before would have had to meet a scalper's price to get into the Imperial theater on W. 45th St. had his name glittering in lights outside.

Broadway's latest matinee idol is one of the few on record with a

large dovecoat of children. Don has six, spread through grammar school and college. He makes most fathers seem like unreasoning brutes, so perfectly does he fit the role of Genial Head of the House. Another thing that makes him a remarkable denizen of the theatrical world is the fact that he has been married to the same [and only] wife since November, 1932.

Ameche is precisely the same quiet, friendly, ungaudy bloke he was when he was the laird of Al Jolson's mansion in film-land. Sportswriters who sit down with him late at night at Toots Shor's pick up where they left off with him. They talk of a Notre Dame game, a Kentucky Derby, a big fight.

He remains stubbornly himself. Only the background changes. He has been poor, medium, rich; rich,

*57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19. July, 1955. © 1955 by the Hearst Corp., and reprinted with permission.

medium, poor; and then poor, medium, rich again. He has risen above the squalor and occasional bloodshed of his father's saloon in Kenosha, Wis., above the mediocrity of college play-acting, above the fake cheeriness of the radio of the 1930's, above the loose ends of scores of movies, above the bumpy road to semioblivion, and above the blandishments which have come to him now that he is on top again.

Ameche has the manner of a man born and reared in a Continental court. Actually, he is a product of a tough section of Kenosha, where his Italian father and Scotch-Irish-German mother (Barbara Etta Hertle) raised a vigorous family of eight.

Don's tough old man was born in the district of Montemonego, near Rome, and slogged it out as an artilleryman in Italy's war with Abyssinia in the late 1890's. He came to this country in 1898. His willing hands and strong back led him into the coal mines around Barkley, Ill. There he met and fell in love with his landlady's daughter.

The Ameches were married in Springfield, Ill., and moved on to Kenosha, where they opened a small bakery and began to raise a family. The bakery phase in the Ameche family is remembered chiefly by this event: momma lost her wide-band gold wedding ring one day, and there were tears, prayers, and fears of lifelong bad

luck for 24 hours. Then, miraculously, it was returned. She had kneaded it into her bread, and a customer had barely missed swallowing it. Convinced that 1. man was fundamentally honest, and 2. momma better get out of the bread business, Poppa Ameche opened a saloon.

It must have been quite a place. The clientele was tough, but the old man and his bruising bartenders were tougher. Just to make sure that the balance of power stayed that way, Poppa lined the back of the bar with three baseball bats and a .38.

"My father, God bless him, couldn't see much of us in those days," Don recalled recently, "but there wasn't any doubt that he was boss of our home. He had a voice that you could hear five blocks away when he was mad."

Don was packed off to St. Berchman's seminary in Marion, Iowa, when he was 11. The groundwork of his Catholic training was laid there. He moved into high school there and became an outstanding student and basketball player. To his surprise, he felt very much at ease on the seminary stage. As a sophomore, he represented St. Berchman's in a state-wide elocution contest, and won. He still remembers the title of his arm-waving talk: *The Going of the Swan*.

Don moved on to Columbia college at Dubuque, now called Loras college. It was there that his talent

for dramatics was developed under the supervision of Father, now Msgr., Isidore Joseph Semper, the school's dramatic coach. He excelled in sports, dreamed of becoming a lawyer, but felt himself drawn to the stage.

There followed a vagabond period: law school at Marquette, then Georgetown, finally the University of Wisconsin. "I must have had the instincts of a minstrel," he says. "I couldn't stand much more than a year in each place. The words in the law books would begin to blur."

But the words on scripts did not. Don played zestfully in *Liliom*, *Outward Bound*, and *Young Woodley* while at Wisconsin. And while still there he turned pro. By accident.

His waterbug changes of academic courses kept him ineligible for varsity teams. One Thanksgiving day the thought of a passive seat in the stands at a Wisconsin football game was too much to bear. So he went downtown to see the Al Jackson Players in *Excess Baggage*.

It was 11 A.M. when he got in line at the box office. Just as Don was about to buy a ticket, Al Jackson, who had once seen Don in a university play, pounced on him as if he were a rich relative. The leading man of the company had been hurt in a car crash a few hours earlier, and a frantic search for a fill-in had been fruitless.

"You think you can go on?" Jackson asked him, gripping his lapels. And Don said the word that changed his entire life, "Yes." Didn't even swallow. By noon he had the script. At 3 P.M. Don Ameche, professional, walked on stage.

He stayed with the company until June. His law work suffered heavily as he cut class after class. He tried to switch to liberal arts, but his attendance record was against him. He finally dropped out of school and went to New York.

The biggest dent Ameche made in his first assault on Broadway was in his arches. He vainly padded from agent to agent, living on next to nothing. "I took the beans course," he told me over a \$5.50 steak recently. "That's beans every day. I had the advantage over some of the other fellows, though. I could afford 10¢ for a plate of beans at noon, instead of a nickel. And I had a nickel for an apple at night."

In September, 1929, Fiske O'Hara, star of *Jerry for Short*, hired Don to replace a butler at \$50 a week. He stayed with O'Hara for the run of the play, and with that notch on his gun offered his services to the Chamberlain Brown office, a sort of early small-scale Music Corporation of America. It turned down several chances to place him in New York productions and chose a Chicago turkey named *Illegal Practice*, which folded after a short run.

On the play's final night, Don

was visited backstage by several friends he had made while with the Al Jackson Players. They urged him to postpone his return to New York long enough to try out for radio the next day. One of the networks was auditioning actors.

"There'll be a million guys there," Don objected. But after a bit he said, "I guess it won't hurt to be the millionth and first."

He turned out to be one in a million. Ask any veteran radio fan. As Fred Allen says, the only thing around the house you could turn on without getting Don Ameche was a faucet. His mellow baritone voice and good nature illuminated such shows as *Betty and Bob*, *Foreign Legion*, *Grand Hotel*, *The First Nighter*, and *The Chase and Sanborn Hour*.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer finally just couldn't stand it any longer. Ameche was called for a test. In a darkened projection room at Culver City, a man with a cigar shook his head, "No." It didn't matter much to Ameche. Radio was a gold mine. Chicago was his base. It put him closer to the people, for one thing. And it put him closer to Honey (Honore) Prendergast.

Honey and Don had been introduced, when they were 15 years old, by Father Maurice S. Sheehy, now one of the foremost educators in the Catholic Church (and a heavily decorated Rear Admiral chaplain). Father Sheehy was then teaching at Loras.

"I've got a girl for you, Don," the priest told Ameche one day. A few hours earlier, he had said to Honey, who was attending a girls' day school in Dubuque, "I've got a fellow for you, Honey."

They dated through high school and their first year in college. "Then he went to Marquette, and I rarely saw him," Honey told me as she pieced together their story in the big river-view apartment the Ameches had sublet for the run of *Silk Stockings*.

Honey went on with her studies. She was going to become a doctor, and was approaching it by way of dietetic studies. If she was engaged to Don, she didn't know it. He swam back into her life briefly one night while she was studying at Michael Reese hospital, Chicago. Father Sheehy was in town, and asked her to go to see a play with him. Don walked on stage. She hadn't known he was in the cast.

There was little or no sign of him again until the late summer of 1932. A friend of Honey's called her at Mercy hospital, and asked her to take in an NBC show with him. Don was its star.

"I didn't even know he was in radio," Honey says. "We went to the Edgewater Beach hotel for dinner after the show—me with a big jaw from a toothache. Don was very serious. He said, 'When are we going to get married?' Imagine! I said, 'I don't even know you,' but you know how he is. Father

Sheehy, who started it all in the first place, stepped in again about this time. He said that if we were going to get married we'd better do it before Advent. So we did, on Nov. 26. And I lost interest in becoming a doctor."

What Metro couldn't see in Don, 20th-Century-Fox could. He took another screen test. It was ten below zero at the little Ameche house outside Chicago when Don returned with a one-picture contract.

At the end of the test, he told Honey, Joe Pincus had asked him if he could sing. He said he sang only for his own amusement. So Pincus sent out for the sheet music of *My Blue Heaven*, and Don sang his first song as a pro.

Don's first picture at Fox was *Sins of Man*, starring Jean Hersholt. It was a frustrating experience for him, but it paid him \$1,500 a week, about twice as much as he was being paid for his radio work. The studio continued to see something in him, and picked up his option before the picture was finished.

Don was an Indian in *Ramona*, filmed in Technicolor at a time when enormous shafts of light were needed to bring out the proper colors. "Loretta Young and I would walk onto the set with our eyes closed, and let somebody lead us to our footmarks," Don said recently. "Then we'd open our eyes when it was time to go into action. Loretta could not stand the lights

for more than a minute at a time."

The great days followed: pictures with Connie Bennett, Janet Gaynor, Tyrone Power, Paul Lukas, Alice Faye. More pictures than either he or Honey can remember today. At one period, he was playing on the screens of four Broadway movie houses simultaneously.

After "inventing" the telephone, as the lead in *The Story of Alexander Graham Bell*, Ameche bought Al Jolson's fabled showplace in the San Fernando valley. It must have been a wonderful household. Don called in a sister and her four little daughters, and there seemed to be other relatives around from time to time, too.

"It was something to see," Honey remembers. "At one time, we had 12 children under 15 in the house. It worked out beautifully. It was just like a hotel."

Don took care of his expanding family in a substantial way. He worked harder than any man in the film industry, keeping up his radio on the side. He played hard, too. He and a partner, Chet (Lum) Lauck (the Lum in *Lum 'n' Abner*), started a racing stable, and at one time had 26 horses. He brought professional football to Los Angeles with a team called the Dons, and was one of the pioneers who cracked the then-monopoly of the National Football league.

"It was a time," Don says. "A time. Golly. But Honey and I stayed the same. She's the kind of

girl who never asks you where you've been when you come home. All she would ever say to me was, 'Don't drive a car when you've had a drink.'"

The nation was Don's beat. His face beamed from every screen; his voice was a contented French horn in every radio. "That was Don Ameche in the winner's circle there, leading his Sir Bim." "There's Don Ameche on the 50-yard line." "Hey, ain't that the Ameche guy from the moom pitchers setting there at ringside wit' Jimmy Walker?"

Then something happened. The light went out. Don came East in 1949 for a Durante show which emanated chiefly from the West Coast, and got to like it. But as the 1950's rolled on, less and less was heard of him. He wasn't a dole case, of course. But he was no longer an affluent star by a long shot, either.

The bills stayed high: bills for Donny, Ronnie, Tommy, Lonny, Bonnie, and Connie—also called,

in order, Meech, Butch, Tommy-Boy, Slug, Bones, and Deedee. That's a lot of shoes, schooling, and food. (But Don had had trouble feeding his family once before. When the war cut the Ameche milk delivery down to one quart a day, instead of 20, the Ameches bought and milked cows at their estate.)

Honey tells the end of the story best. "The phone just rang," she says. "Of course he had been studying scripts. We were up to our ankles in scripts. But there never was anything just right. Then the phone just rang, and there were Feuer and Martin asking, 'Are you interested?' They meant *Silk Stockings*."

"Don read the script, and loved it. He sang for them, and they asked him if he'd mind taking lessons for a month. I don't think he ever worked harder. Oh, it's so wonderful to see something like this happen to a good solid guy!"

It sure is.

... And Nothing But the Truth

THE YOUNG lady on the witness stand was asked her age by the prosecutor. "I don't know," replied the young lady.

"Now, see here, Miss," interrupted the judge. "This is a court of law, and you have sworn to tell the truth."

"Yes, but you told me earlier that I must tell only what I know to be the truth, and not hearsay," retorted the young lady.

"I did, indeed!" thundered the judge.

"Well," replied the young lady, "I can't tell you my age because my mother told me the year I was born. That's hearsay evidence, isn't it?"

"The witness is excused from answering the question," ruled the judge.

AOUW News (April '55).

Before the days of air travel, some of the electors of the Pope found it difficult to be on hand to perform their duty

A Cardinal in Conclave

By DOROTHY G. WAYMAN



Condensed from
"Cardinal O'Connell
of Boston" *

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL was twice frustrated in attempts to get from Boston to Rome in time to take part in a papal election. In 1914, as his hired automobile was being repaired 20 miles from the Vatican, he heard the church bells chiming for the election of Benedict XV. In 1922, he stepped off the train in Rome about an hour after the election of Pius XI.

On that second occasion, he went directly to the Vatican to lodge a vigorous complaint. He told Cardinal Gasparri, who had arranged the conclave, that the election should have been delayed until America was represented. He insisted that the rule that a conclave be held within ten days of a Pope's death had been interpreted too rigidly. The next morning, Pope Pius XI, in a private audience, promised Cardinal O'Connell that he would personally see that the Apostolic Constitution was changed. He kept that promise by lengthening the time to 15 days, or 18 in an emergency.

In 1938, when Pius XI had a

serious illness, the cardinal told his household officers that he would not try to go to Rome a third time. However, the decision was postponed, for the Pope recovered.

In mid-January, 1939, the cardinal went to Nassau in the Bahama Islands for his winter vacation. He did not plan to return to Boston until St. Patrick's day. At six o'clock on the morning of Feb. 10, the telephone at the Hermitage in Nassau awakened Monsignor Minihan, the cardinal's secretary. He ran downstairs to learn from Bishop Bernard, the apostolic vicar of the Bahamas, that Pius XI had just died.

The cardinal, too, had been aroused by the phone, and was waiting for the news. "Lord have mercy on him," he said. "Well, let us go say our Masses for the repose of his soul."

At breakfast, he was very quiet. All morning, it was obvious that he was beset by a temptation to decline a trip to Rome. He had good

excuses. He was well past his 79th birthday. February is pneumonia season in Rome; all his life he had been vulnerable to bronchial diseases. For 40 years, physicians had urged him to take winter vacations to avoid exposure to infections. A transatlantic voyage in winter would be a stormy one.

Then, too, still bitter were the memories of the vain dashes across the sea in 1914 and 1922. Even the time extension would hardly give margin enough. They had elected a Pope without him twice already; would his presence or absence matter a third time?

Meanwhile, Monsignor Minihan had quietly slipped out to the village to explore travel possibilities. He learned that a steamer was lying off Nassau, due to sail for New York at midnight. Another ship, the *Saturnia*, would leave New York Feb. 15.

"Let us go to the chapel," said the cardinal, after lunch. He knelt a long time at his prie-dieu, then turned with tears in his eyes. "I will go," he said. "Call Boston to pack my robes."

His brother cardinals of the Western hemisphere were ahead of him. Cardinal Villeneuve of Quebec happened to be in Rome already. Cardinals Dougherty of Philadelphia and Mundelein of Chicago caught the Italian liner *Rex* in New York on Feb. 11. From South America, Cardinals Copello of Buenos Aires and Leone

of Rio de Janeiro had boarded the *Neptunia* and were en route.

The *Saturnia*, which Cardinal O'Connell boarded at New York, was committed to a leisurely tourist cruise. Italian-line officials arranged that Cardinal O'Connell's party should transfer to the speedier *Neptunia* at Algiers. Hundreds of passengers on both ships lined the rails to watch the cardinal and his party descend the gangway to a small boat and cross to board the *Neptunia*, waiting with steam up for the last dash to Naples. The South American cardinals joyfully welcomed their confrere aboard.

The Italian government had a special train waiting at Naples to whisk the three prelates to Rome. The South Americans took the train, and covered the distance in two hours. O'Connell, distrustful of the train, insisted on traveling by automobile. To guard against being delayed by a motor breakdown, the party was divided among three cars. The cardinal rode in the first one with Monsignor Minihan. No mishap occurred, and a six-hour drive brought them to the Grand hotel in Rome a few minutes after two o'clock.

The cardinal paused only for a light luncheon and a change from traveling clothes to the purple robes of mourning worn by cardinals while the See of Peter is vacant. Then he proceeded to the Vatican. Five thousand miles he had journeyed. He reached the

door with only minutes to spare, last of the 62 cardinals to arrive. At that moment, the sun, breaking through a sudden shower, flung a rainbow across the Vatican.

Cardinal O'Connell had not reached Rome in time to attend the Mass of the Holy Ghost in the Pauline chapel, but he was in time to march in procession to the Sistine chapel while the choir intoned *Veni Creator*. There, all renewed their oaths, and took the customary vow of secrecy. As they left the Sistine chapel, the Noble Guards were waiting to escort each cardinal to his cell.

Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, who as camerlengo was responsible for the administration of the conclave, joined the governor and marshal in the search for possible intruders, the severance of telephone communication, and the locking of the doors.

The doors were locked at 7:17 P.M. on Wednesday, March 1. Cardinal O'Connell took a light supper, read his breviary and said his Rosary, and composed himself for rest in his cell. At nine o'clock the next morning, the cardinals gathered in the Sistine chapel for Mass. The sacristan recited the *Veni Creator*. The tellers were chosen by drawing names from a velvet pouch, and the voting began.

Cardinal O'Connell wrote his name at the top of a sheet of paper, folded the sheet, and sealed it with wax softened over a lighted taper.

At the bottom of the paper he wrote a secret Latin motto by which to identify his ballot—*E pluribus unum*, perhaps. Having folded the paper from the bottom to conceal the motto, he again sealed it with wax. Then he paused for a silent invocation of the Holy Ghost.

Perhaps his mind went back to 1914, or 1922, when, if the ship had been faster, he might have cast his ballot for his beloved friend, Cardinal Merry del Val, or another friend, Cardinal de Lai. Now the times were different. Both his able friends were dead. This was no time to elect to Peter's chair some old man whose time was short. Ethiopia, Spain, China—bombs, bullets, bloodshed for the last three years—presaged more and greater conflicts.

Cardinal O'Connell wrote a name in the center of his ballot. In his turn, as senior of the cardinal-priests, he walked to the altar in his trailing purple robes, knelt a moment, and tilted his ballot from a paten into the large chalice.

Back in their canopied chairs, the cardinals waited, while officials brought in ballots from two cardinals sick in their cells. Then the tellers began to read aloud the names of those for whom votes had been cast. No cardinal had received the 42 votes necessary for a two-thirds majority.

Once more, the prayerful, deliberate process of balloting was re-

peated, and again no candidate had a majority.

It was noon. The master of ceremonies and the sacristan were called in for the solemn process of burning the ballots in a stove at the back of the Sistine chapel. A long pipe extended through the end window. Wet shavings were mixed with the paper and the wax seals to make a black smoke, which would tell a waiting world that no Pope was yet elected. The cardinals returned to their cells and thence to the dining chamber.

After lunch, some rested in their cells; other walked in the fresh spring air in St. Damasus square, reading their Office or saying a Rosary. A few began packing their bags, because it was apparent that the slender, dark-haired camerlengo, Cardinal Pacelli, Pius XI's secretary of state, would almost certainly be elected. His name had stood out on the first ballot, had nearly reached the necessary two-thirds on the second.

At four o'clock that afternoon, the sonorous bell in St. Damasus square tolled for the third round of balloting, and again the cardinals gathered. Again they deposited slips in the chalice. A few minutes later, despite the reticence of the cardinals, a whisper went around Rome that the third ballot had given 61 out of 62 votes to Eugenio Pacelli. The only vote against him was presumably his own.

To William O'Connell, by right

of being the senior cardinal-priest, along with the senior Cardinal-Deacon Caccia Dominioni and Dean of Cardinals Pignatelli di Belmonte, went the honor of approaching the chair in which Pacelli sat, to ask officially, "Do you accept your lawful election as Bishop of Rome?"

With Pacelli's broken-voiced "*Sì!*" acclamations broke forth. Canopies above 61 chairs were furled. The cardinals gathered around the one canopied seat where sat the new Pope, the 261st. The dean of cardinals asked, "What name will you bear?" "I will be called Pius," was the answer, "because of my grateful memory of Pius XI."

The first official audience to the cardinals and Vatican officials and diplomats was held the next morning, March 3. The cardinals made obeisance and kissed the hand and the foot of Pius XII, now in white cope and miter as Bishop of Rome and successor to Peter.

Two figures were henceforth vividly stamped in the memories of those who had accompanied Cardinal O'Connell to Rome. One was that of a tall, black-haired man in white, who was extending his hands benevolently; the other, a stout, silver-haired figure in flowing scarlet, sinking slowly and painfully to his knees.

"No, no, *carissimo cardinale*, do not kneel!"

"Yes, yes, *Santo Padre!*"

So, for an instant, they contended,

the white Vicar of Christ and the scarlet-clad veteran of half a century in the service of Christ's church. The imperious, disciplined will of the older man won. His

aged joints and muscles obeyed his will, and despite the restraining hands of Pius XII, Cardinal O'Connell knelt on both knees before the Pope he had helped to elect.



Hearts Are Trumps

BACK IN 1934, shortly after Hitler had come to power in Germany, I was the Yugoslav consul in Düsseldorf. One day I visited the *Gauleiter's* (governor's) office on official business.

Shortly after I was ushered in, the *Gauleiter* was called away, leaving me to myself. I got up from my seat, and began to pace restlessly about the room.

My eye happened to fall on a paper lying on the desk; it seemed to be a list of names. I glanced at it idly at first—then suddenly with attention. The list contained the names of persons who were known to me as being anti-Hitler. A black list! I saw that there were coded notations beside each name.

Quickly I scribbled on the starched cuffs of my shirt, copying both the names and the notations. I had got down about a dozen when I heard the *Gauleiter's* returning footsteps. I pulled my coatsleeves down over the cuffs, concluded my business as rapidly as I could without exciting suspicion, and hurried home.

The code proved simple. Ju stood for *Jude* (Jew); Pr was priest; G must mean *gefährlich* (dangerous); and so on. Immediately I took steps to warn the black-listed persons of their danger. To some, I was able to issue regular tourist visas so that their departure would not look like an escape. Through my intervention, others received telegrams from "friends" in Yugoslavia inviting them to pay a visit.

The nazis soon got wind of my activities and demanded my removal for helping "enemies of the Third Reich." I was transferred to the U. S., where I spent the dreadful war years. The man who replaced me in Düsseldorf, one Brana Dimitrijevic, was thrown into a concentration camp, later to die of mistreatment, when Yugoslavia was invaded by Germany. Had I not helped victims of nazi persecution, his fate would undoubtedly have been mine.

Yet I am still reaping my reward. After the war ended, I remained in the U. S. When the communists took over my country, America became a haven for me and my family. Each day, as I breathe the air of freedom, I thank God for thus demonstrating that Hearts are indeed Trumps. Oscar F. Gavrilovich.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned—Ed.]

The Jack-in-the-box of aircraft is a Jack-of-all-trades

The Helicopter:

Chore Boy of the Air



By JOHN LEWELLEN

Condensed from

*"Helicopters: How They Work" **

SOME DAY SOON," a recent ad predicted, "in the air-conditioned comfort of his helicopter 'control tower,' the farmer will flip a switch, and send teams of ingenious machines out to till his fields. In a single operation, the robot gangs will pulverize, condition, and furrow the soil, drill seed and fertilize, perhaps implant soluble water capsules and transmit a pest-killing electronic bath."

Well, I'm not going to bet that any of us will be around to see those rustic robots merrily pursuing their tasks. But as far as helicopters are concerned, farmers are already doing some astonishing things with them. And farming is just one of the fields in which the whirlybirds have proved to be just what the dreamers ordered.

Helicopters are used to keep fruit and vegetable crops from freezing. Sometimes there is a layer of cold air close to the ground and warmer air a little higher up. Then, helicopters are flown slowly

over orchards, the rotor's down-wash blowing the warm air to the ground. In Texas, the copter's down-wash has been used over pecan groves to blow ripe nuts off the trees.

Helicopters spray or dust crops to kill weeds and insects, to plant seed, and to fog-control mosquitoes in either city or farm areas. Fixed-winged airplanes do these jobs too, but the helicopter has the edge by quite a margin. It can handle corners and edges of fields better, and the down-wash from its rotor produces better coverage. A copter can be loaded at the edge of the field without flying to an airport to refill its hoppers every few minutes. In Oklahoma, a helicopter seeded more than seven acres a minute.

And, of course, helicopter agricultural pilots can expect to live longer than their fixed-wing brothers. Because of the low altitudes and sharp pull-ups for trees and buildings, agricultural flying in

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fixed-wing planes can be hazardous.

The Waggoner ranch in Texas uses a copter to round up cattle. The pilot-cowboy cruises at about 150 feet until he spots stray cattle in the brush; then he drops down to 20 or 30 feet and drives them out, backing, hovering, flying sideways until he herds them in the right direction. The copter-cowboy can do the work of 15 to 20 cowboys on horses.

Not only are there copter-cowboys but there are copter-cops. New York police have found helicopters a great help in hunting escaped criminals, patrolling bathing beaches, and surveying highways on week ends and holidays so that motorists can be advised by radio which routes to take to avoid bottlenecks.

A boy and his father fishing in Jamaica bay found their rowboat stuck on a mud bar a few hundred yards from shore at low tide. They were unable to push the boat off the bar and tried to wade ashore. Both sank in the mud. Police were close enough to the boy to save him with a rope, but they could not reach his father. He was down to his shoulders in the mud only a few yards from the boat. A helicopter took off immediately. With its balloonlike pontoon floats, it landed in the mud beside the struggling man. Forty-one minutes after receiving the call, the police were helping the father into an ambulance.

On another occasion, two occupants of a motorboat were washed overboard. They were rescued by boat, but their own boat was running wild under full power, endangering other craft. Efforts to board her were futile. A helicopter was called. The pilot brought the copter down low and synchronized his movements with those of the boat. A fellow officer dropped into the runaway, and soon had it under control.

A pilot named Bob Boughton flew the first helicopter ever taken on a whaling expedition. His job was to scout for whales, and he found a lot more than any old-timer ever did from a crow's nest. Now, several whaling companies use helicopters. Boughton also pioneered in prospecting for gold by helicopter.

In Canada, all the materials, equipment, and supplies needed in the building of a dam were flown in by helicopter. There was only a footpath into the area, and the last quarter-mile of the path rose 1,000 feet.

In the Korean war, helicopters not only rescued wounded from the battlefields and from behind enemy lines, but also carried troops and supplies to the mountaintops. Modern armies must be able to move quickly. The helicopter can go anywhere the mule once went, and it can get there much faster than the truck.

Military helicopters ordinarily are

not armed, but they are hard to shoot down. They stay low, churning along behind hills and even trees. A high-speed jet pilot has trouble finding them, and when he does he can't do much about it. His speed is so great and his turns so wide that the helicopter can twist and turn and hide before the jet's bullets can find it.

Actually, it was largely military orders that brought the helicopter to its present state of development. But the helicopter cannot depend forever on military orders to finance research and keep factories running. One might think that American families soon will be buying as many helicopters as automobiles. But that is unlikely. A family-sized helicopter, for a long time to come, probably will cost as much as two or three Cadillacs.

Of course, if there were more buyers, the price would be lower—and if the price were lower, there would be more buyers. That endless circle will be broken some day, but it is impossible to predict when. It was thought that after the 2nd World War, millions would rush to buy light planes for private use, but they didn't. Several companies brought out relatively inexpensive planes. Expected savings from mass production and distribution could not be made, and prices went back up.

Eventually, many more helicopters than light planes will be owned by individuals. The advantages are

great: no need to drive miles to an airport to make a flying visit to grandma's house 200 miles away; no need to rely on an airport miles away from her house once you get there; less chance of being unable to fly safely home in tomorrow's weather.

But compared with a car, the helicopter will continue to have some disadvantages for trips around the block. A backyard take-off in the city is possible and has been done, but the down-wash from the rotor might well make enemies of formerly good neighbors. It would kick up enough dust to ruin the neighbor's laundry, and landings in downtown parking lots would puff dust into every eye in town if city streets remain as dirty as most now are.

The noise of a piston engine, to say nothing of jet power, would be objectionable unless more progress is made in quieting engines. Then, too, a helicopter is hindered by extremes of weather, and the careless driver could have accidents in three dimensions instead of two.

So the immediate civilian future of the helicopter is not as "every family's flying flivver," but in specialized services, as an industrial "executive aircraft," and, especially, as a means of public transport. If helicopters never became better than they are now—and of course they are becoming better daily—there would still be a great use for them as feeders for high-speed air-

liners and for trips up to 300 miles.

People often spend more time getting to and from airports than they spend in the air. For example, it is 164 miles from Chicago to Indianapolis. From the time it leaves the terminal in Chicago until it taxis up to the ramp in Indianapolis, the fastest scheduled airliner takes 55 minutes. But you spend 50 minutes by limousine getting from downtown Chicago to the airport, you wait about 20 minutes at the airport before take-off, and you spend 30 minutes in a limousine getting from the airport at Indianapolis to the heart of the city eight miles away. From the time you leave downtown Chicago until you reach downtown Indianapolis you average 64 mph. Your elapsed time is two hours, 35 minutes.

In a helicopter with a speed of 150 miles an hour, you could take off from the roof of a downtown Chicago hotel (if there were such a service) and land in downtown Indianapolis in a little more than an hour. Even allowing time for waiting for elevators in the hotels, you could save close to an hour and a half on this short trip by taking the slower-flying helicopter.

Suppose you and two friends want to go to a city 100 miles away, and there is direct helicopter service between the two cities, with landings and take-offs from roofs in the heart of the city. You take the helicopter yourself, and your

over-all time is 54 minutes in a 150-mile-an-hour helicopter. One of your friends takes a 300-mile-an-hour plane. Allowing time for getting to the airport, he is only 15 miles along the way when you arrive at the city. Your other friend takes a 65-mile-an-hour train. He is a little less than halfway there.

Not until you pick a city 385 miles away will you and your friend in the 300-mile-an-hour plane arrive in the downtown area at the same time. The friend in the train will still be 248 miles way.

Remember that nearly one-fourth of all airline passengers make trips of less than 200 miles, and 60%, of less than 400 miles. And a high percentage of all railroad, bus, and automobile passengers travel 100 miles or less. A helicopter bus service for such short trips could save much time.

Cargo, as well as passengers, is in a hurry in modern America. The cargo business of airliners is growing rapidly. But after a 300-mile-an-hour trip in a cargo plane, the rush delivery often gets snarled in traffic-choked streets.

New York Airways started helicopter service between the three major airports in the New York area, LaGuardia, Idlewild, and Newark, in 1953. By carrying freight over the surface traffic, rivers, and harbors of New York they were able to do in 19 minutes what trucks did in from two-and-a-half to four hours.

The curriculum of the university's institute covers what there is to know about communism's sources and purposes

Fordham's Little Russia

By BILL DUKE

Condensed from the *American Mercury**

TWO SMALL OFFICES at Fordham University pose a great threat to world communism. In a remodeled barracks building, the university's Institute of Contemporary Russian Studies trains young men and women in the two most effective anti-communist weapons: a thorough knowledge of communist philosophy, and an understanding of the Russian language and people.

The director of the institute is Father Walter C. Jaskiewicz, a vigorous, blue-eyed Jesuit priest. He says, "The only way to lick communism is to pull the philosophy out from under it."

He tells his men that if they show the people of the world that Marxism considers man to be nothing more than an animal, they will stifle the growth of the disease. The communists know that what he says is true. It has begun to frighten them.

In January, 1952, the Soviet magazine *Ogonyok* (*The Little Light*), published a cartoon captioned, "A Temple of Learning," and described

Fordham as a school "preparing cadres of spies, saboteurs, and intelligence officers to be sent to the USSR."

The cartoon showed the typical Fordham man as an ape-like creature, armed with revolver and parachute, receiving "jump" instructions from a black-robed professor. Soviet readers were told, "at Fordham, dopes are prepared to be spies with diplomas and certified killers."

Father Jaskiewicz doesn't know what kind of a reception the cartoon received in Moscow, but he knows it gave encouragement to his faculty. They continue to arm their students, not with revolvers but with knowledge.

Even now, institute graduates are working as journalists, teachers, and lecturers to expose the Marxist philosophy. In April, 1953, the institute sponsored a discussion on the "Interpretation of News From Behind the Iron Curtain." Prominent reporters and news editors from New York newspapers and wire services attended, and were

*250 W. 57th St., New York City 19. July, 1955. © 1955 by American Mercury Magazine, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

told that the institute would help any honest seeker of information to extract truth from Soviet propaganda.

Soon after the 2nd World War, a group of Fordham professors realized the need for a large number of experts on Russia. The dean of Fordham college, Father Thurston Noble Davis, knew that many Americans and Europeans were being enlisted in the communist cause. Those people had no positive philosophy of their own, and Soviet propaganda had convinced them that Marxism was humanitarianism.

For Father Davis, the only solution was to train people to show the world that no matter how you slice it, communism will always mean atheism, world revolution, and the degradation of man. He brought his idea to Father J. Franklin Ewing, a Jesuit anthropologist who had spent three years in a Japanese prison camp. They worked out a plan to incorporate Russian area study into the university curriculum.

Father Ewing wrote to Dr. Richard T. Burgi, a Fordham graduate on the faculty of Yale university's Russian center. Dr. Burgi was primarily a linguist. While in Brazil with the air corps during the war, he had taught himself Russian. By 1946 he had mastered this difficult language and was official interpreter at the 38th parallel during the partition of Korea.

Would it be possible for Dr. Burgi to help organize a Fordham Russian institute? Dr. Burgi thought it would, and with the consent of his superiors at Yale, he came to New York in the summer of 1950.

Dr. Burgi assembled a faculty of experts, many of them natives of Russia. He borrowed Louis Budenz, former editor of the *Daily Worker*, from the economics department of Fordham. Miss Helene Iswolsky, daughter of a former czarist ambassador, and Father Andrei Ouroussoff, son of a Russian prince, were added to the rolls. Mikhail Koriakov, once curator of the Tolstoi museum in Moscow, was signed to give instruction in language.

Thirty Fordham-college students, four graduate students, and 20 people from the adult-education division were enrolled at the institute.

The first goal was to give every student a thorough working knowledge of the Russian language, the key to the country's culture and sociology. Students were required to take a two-year, ten-hour-a-week intensive course. Only Russian was spoken in the classroom.

Courses in Russian history, economics, literature, religion, and art were added to give a rounded picture of Russian life before and after the communist revolution.

In the following year, enrollment increased, and the faculty and the

number of courses grew. Dr. Burgi, his leave of absence over, returned to Yale, and Father Ewing took control of the institute. He stressed such extracurricular activities as panels and discussion groups. The philosophy of communism was analyzed by the faculty and students on the radio and from the lecture platform.

The list of courses included all phases of Russian life. You could take lessons in icon painting, or Russian ballet, or Soviet military organization and training. Mr. Budenz taught his classes the techniques of communism, drawing on his own personal experience.

Other people had invaluable experience to contribute, too. Many of them came from the Fordham Russian center, an association of priests and religious experts of the Russian rite, entirely distinct from the institute. These priests taught the culture, religion, and art of their people to the young Americans.

By September, 1952, the "Russian baby" had become adult. Father Ewing turned the directorship over to Father Jaskiewicz, a specialist in Russian affairs.

Today, 80 people are enrolled in the institute's regular program, and many more take special courses. A short-wave radio in the director's office enables students to translate

Soviet propaganda at the very minute it is being transmitted. Stacks of magazines published by the Moscow propagandists are translated and analyzed.

The institute's experts benefit the New York City area, too. A traveling panel, headed by Father Ewing, brings the communist conspiracy into focus. It is composed of four men who were part of that conspiracy: Louis Budenz, Benjamin Gitlow, Manning Johnson, and Howard Rushmore.

Sitting in the institute's reading room recently, Father Jaskiewicz watched a group of his students translate Soviet news releases. In one corner of the room, several others were editing the Russian club's monthly magazine. Another group was discussing a series of lectures to be given by faculty members on Long Island. Working at a large center table, a teacher was writing an article for a Slavic publication, interpreting Soviet policies in their captive countries.

Father Jaskiewicz, with a contented smile, picked up a copy of the Soviet cartoon about Fordham and said, "If they saw us now, they would really have something to be afraid of. If enough people can be informed about the real nature of communism, the Soviet will crumble. We're doing our best to hasten the day."

A LAWYER is mighty helpful when a felon needs a friend.

Changing Times.

One company has proved that hiring thoroughly experienced men is good business



WANTED

Men Over 60

By ROBERT FITZSIMMONS

Condensed from the *Journal of Lifetime Living**

JOHN ORR met the postman at the gate, and quickly went through the morning's mail to pick out the letter in the long manila envelope. He fingered it nervously. From the return address he knew it was the answer to his job application.

There was good cause for excitement. Orr was 50 years old. He read, "Sorry, but you're too young!"

The help-wanted ad that John Orr had hopefully answered first appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* in November, 1952, and was a direct call for salesmen over 60 years old. It marked the beginning of an inadvertent experiment in "re-hirement" that could open up new career opportunities for industry's "over-age" men and women.

The decision to try a plunge into the retired market was made by the New York Wire Cloth Co., of York, Pa., whose young management team, by the way, had an average age of less than 37 years.

It was a business decision, pure and simple, made to solve a particular problem. The company was about to launch a new product, its novel Durall tension screen.

Company officials felt that experience and sincerity were more important qualities than the exhortations of eager but inexperienced salesmen. They hoped also to prove that the veterans could go into action without a lengthy training period or continuous supervision.

The ad, subsequently repeated in other newspapers, made no mention of salary or the company. It was distinguished only by the small note: "Only candidates over 60 years of age will be considered."

The response was enormous, and the applicants desperately willing. Answers flooded in not only from salesmen, but from bankers, magazine editors, manufacturers, teachers, and Ph.D.'s, as well as from people unable to spell the simplest words.

*1625 Bay Road, Miami Beach, Fla. July, 1955. © 1955 by Lifetime Living, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Some replies were humorous. An advance agent for circuses and carnivals, whose letterhead billed him as "announcer, doortalker, 24-hour man, a trooper since 1908," volunteered to work "both winter and summer." One over-60 applicant attested to getting his college degree the previous year, proving "that I'm too young to loaf, not too old to work."

But most of the replies were clear proof of the insistent human need behind the eager claims. Surprisingly, scores of letters came from men not seeking employment at all; these just expressed gratitude for the company's willingness to give older men a chance.

One retired letter writer was 75-year-old Eugene Kuhne. He pointed out his intention of not getting "down in the dumps, as I have found so many retired people to be." He put it this way. "I thought I had sufficient interests, that retirement would be a glorious holiday. But after taking many trips with my wife, and seeing the retired old men in the Ozarks and in Florida sitting on the benches with their chins resting on their canes, I got scared, and retirement no longer seemed so wonderful. I want to do something."

Mr. Kuhne got a job. "I found enough courage to liquidate enough of my investments to build a new home," he says. "Instead of feeling that I am through with life, I am looking forward to enjoying many

more pleasant, interesting years."

The New York Wire Cloth Co. faced an unusual business problem when it ventured into its over-60 policy. For many years, the firm had enjoyed a leading position in the manufacture of wire cloth; its sales force confined activities to supplying screen manufacturers and hardware and building-supply wholesalers. Now, it was decided to launch the new product, an inexpensive screen that the homeowner could handle himself. It became necessary to find a small national sales force almost overnight to get the new product into stores.

The decision to tap the oldsters was not made without doubts. Would they be sick all the time? Would—and could—they really work? And, the ultimate question from the business point of view, could these veterans get orders?

Voice of Experience

TAKE all the experience and judgment of men over 50 out of the world, and there would not be enough left to run it. There is no reason why men of 65 should not do as much work with the mind as others—and better work. Youngsters have their place and are necessary, but the experience and judgment of men over 50 are what give purpose and meaning to younger men's efforts.

Henry Ford.

The answers are now in the record, and they are all favorable.

Sales of the new product have climbed steadily; they have become such an important part of the company's business that a new division has been established. The original experimental sales program has been made permanent. Newcomers, over 60, are being added to handle other new products.

The company president, Louis D. Root, Jr., says, "A large share of the credit for the success of this product since 1952 must be given to the veterans who joined us at that time. Their experience and maturity not only helped the company in formulating sales policy,

but also gave these men an enormous advantage over young beginners when it came to presenting a new and somewhat revolutionary product to the trade."

A close study of the record shows almost no absenteeism. The enthusiasm and interest of the senior salesmen have grown, rather than diminished. Moreover, the management has been able to escape the usual pressures for quick promotion and promises of glowing futures.

The gamble on men over 60 has been so successful that the veterans have earned an affectionate title in the company: B.R. (Bachelor of Retirement).

Words From the Wise

A LITTLE five-year-old was preparing to paint on a huge sheet of blank paper. She paused a moment.

"What is it?" I asked her. "Don't you know what you want to paint?"

"I do know," she replied, "but I want to make it big, and first I have to think big."

Pearl Buck.

THE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD girl had just been spanked. She turned to her mother, and said, "When I grow up and get married, I won't paddle my children."

"You won't?"

"No. I'll say 'Stop it' and they'll stop," said the girl. Then she added thoughtfully, "But then, I'm going to have much better children than you."

Woodrow Wirsig in the *Woman's Home Companion*.

MY SON asked me a question the other night. I was busy working, so I asked him why he didn't ask his mother.

"Oh," he replied, "I didn't want to know that much about it."

Arthur Larsen.



A North Woods Doctor

He is ending a 70-year "vacation" spent in the corporal works of mercy with his account books completely out of balance

By RAY A. LEE

Condensed from *Our Family**

TWO BEARDED woodsmen were waiting for the drugstore in Warroad, Minn., to open. They looked up as a sweating horse and dusty rig clattered up the street.

The druggist opened the door as a white-faced man jumped from the buggy and ran to the door. "The doc!" he gasped. "Quick. Where is he?"

A tall, spare man of 50 appeared in the doorway behind the druggist, his face drawn by fatigue.

"Doc," said the man, "can you come quick? A cow has hooked my wife." He drew a shaky hand across his stomach, "... and blood is all over."

The tall man turned, and walked quickly into the store. One of the idlers turned to his companion. "They don't give the old doc much rest," he grunted, "out all night on a case, and this sounds like a worse one."

A moment later, Dr. Laurence Parker and his familiar black grip

appeared again. He and the frightened man bounced off on a corduroy road.

When the doctor entered the dingy, two-room log cabin, he was hurried into the bedroom by neighbor ladies. "Hurry, doctor," said one, "she's in awful pain."

Parker saw a young woman on the bed, clutching a blood-soaked quilt. Perspiration dripped from her forehead and her eyes were deep in their sockets.

He gently drew back the quilt. He saw a wide, jagged gash running across the abdomen. His experienced fingers probed the torn flesh, and he shook his head doubtfully.

As Parker scrubbed his hands and arms, he shot instructions to the group gathered at the foot of the bed.

With the instruments sterilized, he showed one of the women how to administer the anesthetic, and went to work.

He worked for two hours over the awkward bed. And when the stitching was finished, he helped dispose of the soiled bedding and bandages. Then the group carried the injured woman to a table while a clean mattress was put in place.

After giving further directions, the doctor left. This was the most serious case in his long experience. The woman's chances, he thought, were slight.

The man who left that backwoods cabin was born in 1867, in England. His grandfather was James Henry Parker, head of the Parker Publishing Co. of London and Oxford. One of his sisters had been editor of the London *Penny Post*.

With this family background, it is probable that Laurence Parker had looked forward to a comfortable and lucrative practice when he enrolled at King's Preparatory Medical college at Abdington, England. He had never imagined that one day he would stand wearily in a forest clearing thousands of miles from England after performing an operation in a log cabin, symbol of America's wilderness.

He had been watching life and fighting death in America for 32 years, and when he returned to the cabin the next day he was almost surprised to find his patient still alive. Her partially opened eyes were fixed and dull; her face was waxy; her body twitched spasmodically. Uncovering the wound, he

saw it had turned a purplish, gangrenous color. Parker felt beaten. He told the husband that there was no hope for his wife's recovery. "I'm sorry. I have done all I can."

"Yes, doc," the man said, his voice wavering, "I know you have. But . . . doc . . . she's such a good woman!"

As Dr. Parker stood in the doorway holding his grip, an inner voice compelled him to stay. Suddenly it was 32 years ago, and he was back in England embracing his mother before leaving for America. "Laurie," she said, "whatever thine hand findeth to do, do it with all thy heart."

There, in a log cabin in America's wilderness, the full meaning of his mother's words struck him. That voice from the past was urging him to return to his patient.

He reopened the wound. To his surprise, only the surface tissue was badly infected. He removed the fatal tissue and restitched the incision. When he left the cabin he felt triumphant.

Parker visited his patient every day for the next two weeks. One day, all his prayers were answered when the woman looked up at him and smiled. Then she began to eat. A few weeks later Dr. Parker pronounced the case cured and closed.

Today the "old mossback doctor of the wilderness," as he calls himself, is retired, and lives among his flowers and plants on his 163-acre estate outside Warroad.

It was scarlet fever that sent Dr. Parker to America and ultimately to Warroad. In 1882, he was convalescing from an attack of that disease when his mother decided a visit to America would restore her son's health. It was fashionable then for young Englishmen to visit America and see something of the new world.

The youth fell in love with America. He relished the wide-open spaces where a man could "loosen his collar and stretch his long legs," and the short vacation grew into one of the longest "vacations" recorded. It has lasted 70 years.

In these 70 years of service to ailing humanity, Dr. Parker has compiled a record of kindness and good will which, his neighbors say, cannot be surpassed. He has become a legendary figure among the oldtimers.

"Doc," they say, "was here before Paul Bunyan." The tall, sprightly, 85-year-old doc denies the charge amiably. When he talks of his early days in the vast Lake of the Woods wilderness, he does it with a sparkle that makes one believe the events happened yesterday.

"I was a youngster in the days when a doctor had to be something more than just a medicine man. He had to be a philosopher, teacher, and father to many of his patients. I wanted to help people, but when I came to America I

wasn't too certain how," he says.

He had started to study medicine in England; it was natural for him to continue in America. After finishing medical school in Iowa, he organized a medicine show, "which was a good venture in those days." With a dozen entertainers, he toured the country and talked, acted, and sold medicine before large audiences.

But the future held more for young Dr. Parker than a life of pill rolling. He was gifted with surgical skill, and soon proved it.

In the late 1880's, Parker set up his medicine show in Roseau, a village in northern Minnesota. His second day in town, he was denounced as an impostor by the owner of the local drugstore. Parker accepted the challenge, and decided to take the case to court even though he was in hostile territory.

The battle in court ended in a draw. Parker, however, believed he had won at least a moral victory. Boldly he set up, not only a medical practice, but a competing drugstore as well.

While at Roseau, he was called on an emergency case by an Indian from Warroad. The Indian's companion had frozen both his legs while on the Lake of the Woods. It was a bitter northern night when the ice cracked across the lake and the trees snapped in the forest; but Parker hitched his horses and started out in an open cutter

to Warroad, a good 22 miles away.

When he was half way to his destination, a pack of wolves caught the scent of horses and were soon in close pursuit of his flying cutter. The frightened horses became unmanageable. Over the narrow, crooked trail they galloped. They outraced the wolves, but not before Parker had had time to reflect at length on the comfortable practice which he could have had in England.

"I was pretty well shaken when I entered Jack Loveland's trading post," recalls the doctor. "But I performed my first operation in America. It was an amputation on the kitchen table before breakfast. The only light in the room was from a dim, broken lamp. The settlement's only white woman assisted me."

It was on the trip to Warroad that Parker saw the great need for a medical man in this wilderness. "When I arrived in Warroad," he says, "two white families lived near the town, four white men, and a lot of Indians. It was the Indians who needed medical help badly, and I made up my mind then and there to give it to them."

Life in the wilderness was rugged. In winter, high drifts of snow blocked most of the small trails, making them almost impassable. Hunger, frostbite, and sickness were always present.

But clear in Dr. Parker's memory rang that phrase, "with all thy

heart," taught him by his mother.

Today, Warroad is Dr. Parker's town. As his records show, he was there when many of the oldtimers were in swaddling clothes. He brought some of them into the world. He has given this huge wilderness country a rare, lasting kind of humanitarianism.

He laughs about his stained and confused ledgers. "I guess I never will balance those books," he says. If pinned down, however, he estimates that he still has about \$160,000 on the books that he doesn't intend to collect.

In the nearly 75,000 cases he has attended, Dr. Parker has given volumes of advice. "It was usually quite easy to diagnose a person's family trouble and even to prescribe a remedy," says doc. "It was simple because I was not like a fly on an oil painting who couldn't see anything because he was too close."

Dr. Parker's vitality surprises many of his close friends and neighbors. But he contends that no profession should take all one's time. He has always had a yen to build, and has ventured into many side businesses. Although some of his ideas have not been successful, he has always enjoyed trying something new. "In some cases," he says smilingly, "I have had a lot of bad luck."

Most of his bad luck has been caused by fire.

First, there was the time the

doctor had designed and constructed a 13-room sanitarium complete with laboratory, drugstore, and offices. Shortly after it was finished, it burned to the ground. After a few years, he finished another hospital, a 14-room structure. Fire struck again.

Then the persevering doctor tried his hand at an entirely different business, pheasant farming. But again his luck was bad, and he took a final loss of \$2,000.

"Progress certainly has changed the profession," says Parker. "Years ago we had to furnish everything, buildings and equipment. And this was a big job, considering the fact that a bed patient's fee was usually \$1."

But those who have been touched by the doctor's generosity know that he wouldn't have accepted even one dollar if he thought payment would mean hardship to the patient. Oldtimers in Warroad and near-by communities of Sprague, Woodridge, Vassar, Pinney, and across the border into Canada, will tell you that most of the time the doctor would not even send a bill.

"A doctor in those days couldn't depend on public funds for poorer patients' accounts," says Parker. "A wilderness doctor had to be like a revolving poor fund himself."

Parker has watched Warroad progress from the old horse-and-cutter days to the present streamlined motor age; he has bidden Godspeed to three generations of

Warroad men who have gone off to fight three wars; he has kept up-to-date with the medical world throughout his retirement. He has seldom longed for England.

With his power to save lives, he has been looked upon as a virtual god by the North Country people whom he served. However, Dr. Parker has his own philosophy regarding his role as the community's healer. He illustrates it by a story of what he calls his strangest case.

It began when a man rushed into his office crying, "My child has fallen into boiling water!"

In minutes, Parker was at the man's house. There he found the girl, about four years old, lying on a bed. Her face and body were badly burned. The doctor did what he could, astonished because the child showed no signs of suffering. She just lay there smiling.

As he was getting ready to leave, the young girl called her sister to her bed. Awestruck, the sister bent over the small, blistered form.

"Minnie," said the child in a calm, clear voice, "you must find someone else to play with now. I am going to leave you." Then, smiling at her parents she said, "Good-by mama, good-by papa."

Slowly she raised her bandaged arms upward, saying, "I can see the angels!" Her arms fell limply to the bed. Dr. Parker had no need to examine her.

"God is the greatest Physician," he says.

A tiny plant may hold the answer to booming population

Chlorella: Food of the Future

By
HARTLEY E. HOWE

Condensed
from *Challenge**

CHLORELLA is a plant so small that a quart of water just tinted green by it would contain ten times as many plants as there are people in the world today.

Put chlorella under a microscope, and you will see that each tiny plant is a single cell. Keep a sharp watch, and you will see the cell swelling large, then dividing into two small cells, each a new chlorella. The fact that chlorella divides early and often is one reason that scientists the world over are studying it.

Each chlorella cell is good to eat. Each is crammed with such dietary essentials as protein, amino acids, fats, and vitamins. Here, scientists believe, may be an answer to the great problem facing future generations: how to feed the human race as the population of the world soars.

With the U.S. plagued by tremendous food surpluses, this may seem to be an odd time to be searching for new sources of food. To many experts, however, farm surpluses represent a local and tem-

porary situation. In areas containing more than half the world's population, available food supplies cannot provide the minimum number of calories that even a sedentary worker needs.

By the year 2000 the population of the world will have grown to approximately $3\frac{1}{3}$ billion people. This means an increase of 700 million in the next 45 years, the equivalent of adding four new U.S.'s in less than half a century. Nearly half a billion of these people will find themselves in areas that even now are densely populated.

A century and a half ago, Thomas R. Malthus worried about a world population outrunning food supplies. Thus far, the tremendous rise in agricultural productivity has kept the food supply adequate in many places. It is believed that merely by applying available scientific knowledge, the world's food supply could be greatly increased.

All this is encouraging, but there is some question whether we can count on these factors indefinitely. We must face up to the possibility of a serious food shortage.

*The Magazine of Economic Affairs, a publication of New York University. June-July, 1955. © 1955 by the Institute of Economic Affairs, and reprinted with permission.

This is just what the chlorella researchers are doing. They know that a million acres of land (a little more than the area of Rhode Island) in chlorella production can provide half the protein needed by all the people in the world today!

Chlorella is a fresh-water plant, one of some 17,000 members of the algae family. Its choice for food research is partly accidental. Scientists studying photosynthesis, the means by which plants turn solar energy into vegetable matter, had used chlorella as an experimental plant and learned a good deal about it. It is possible that other species among the 17,000 may eventually prove more useful.

Chlorella doesn't ask much: fresh water, supplies of nitrogen and carbon dioxide, and sunlight. It grows best at a temperature in the neighborhood of 77° F. Given a fine summer day, scientists estimate that chlorella doubles itself every 24 hours.

The plant grows wild in fresh-water ponds. Some experimenters have tried growing it the same way, but most have found it desirable to provide an artificial environment where conditions can be controlled. Such a "factory" requires a closed container with a transparent surface to let in the sunlight, some way to pump water through, so that the plants do not settle out of reach of the sun, and a method of introducing the 1½ ounces of nitrogen and the two

pounds of carbon dioxide necessary for every pound of dry chlorella harvested.

There is usually a harvest every day, achieved by running the water through a centrifuge to separate the chlorella. The end product is a bright green vegetable paste, still three-fourths water, that can be used fresh, fresh-frozen and later thawed, or dried. Eaten fresh, it is said to be a satisfying food with a strong vegetable flavor, but with a mildly unpleasant aftertaste. Dried, apparently the most feasible method of preservation, it has a very strong flavor, like raw pumpkin or raw lima beans.

Thus far, not a great deal has been done toward learning the best ways to prepare chlorella meals. In this country, it has been used successfully as an ingredient in chicken soup. In Japan, it has been mixed with green tea, and small quantities have been used in noodles.

One of the most recent ambitious human-feeding experiments has been undertaken in Venezuela, where natural chlorella has been used to make soup for patients in a leper colony. The patients grew fat on it, but whether this is a tribute to the nourishing qualities of chlorella or a commentary on their normal diet is not clear.

There is no doubt, however, that human beings certainly should thrive on chlorella. Its average protein content is far higher than that

of most vegetable foods. A pound of the dried plant contains more than the necessary daily human minimum requirements of all the vitamins except Vitamin C, present in the fresh chlorella but lost in drying. Its amino acid content is about the same as that in white flour and peanut meal. The only amino-acid deficiency, which it shares with other vegetable proteins, is in methionine. That would not be a drawback to the use of chlorella as cattle feed, since ruminants make their own methionine.

Chlorella converts sunlight into plant matter with about the same efficiency as a good field crop, from 2% to 3%.

But by far the greater part of most plants is waste, stalks, leaves, roots, while all of chlorella is useful. At the same time, chlorella's protein content, the most useful food element, is far higher than that of the average plant, 50%, compared to 12% in wheat or 44% in soybean meal.

Most chlorella operations to date have been carried out either in the laboratory or in small experimental installations. Based on these tests, predictions are that chlorella yields will equal an annual harvest of 17½ tons an acre. This is high compared to most crops. But what really interests the scientists are hints that the yield might increase threefold.

How much chlorella will cost when made in quantity, nobody

knows. A highly speculative guess by the President's Materials Policy commission is that the price of dried chlorella might be brought down to 10¢ a pound. On a per-pound basis, this still would not compare favorably with wheat, which has recently been selling in the U.S. price-supported market for a little over 3¢ a pound. Considered on the basis of protein content, however, the picture is different, since chlorella contains about four times as much protein as wheat.

As far as the U.S. is concerned, the food use of chlorella in the near future would appear to be more likely for cattle or chickens, rather than people. Elsewhere, however, cost of a new food product is only one factor in its use. Israel, for example, must import most protein foods. Here the cost factor may be outweighed by the savings in scarce foreign exchange. In Asia, where human labor is cheap and need for new food sources is great, much of the care and processing of chlorella may be carried out by hand at a reasonable cost in terms of the food obtained. Significantly, it has been Japanese scientists who have been in the forefront in chlorella research.

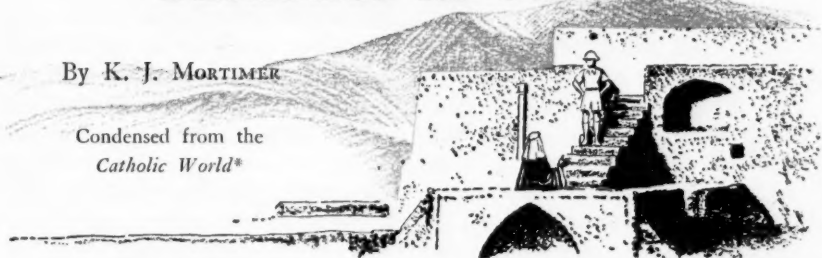
But the real significance of chlorella is not in the needs of today or the immediate future. It lies in that distant day when the world's population may begin to press hard against the food supply.

The Chaldean priests are proud of the fervor of their people

Catholics in Turbans

By K. J. MORTIMER

Condensed from the
*Catholic World**



BACK IN England, I had been a seminarian, but a call to military service had interrupted my studies. Now I was with the British army in the Middle East. When the opportunity arose to catch a glimpse of the life and liturgy of Catholics of the Chaldean rite, I grasped it eagerly. Soon I was on my way from our camp in Mesopotamia to the Chaldean town of Al Qosh.

As the station wagon hit the huge holes in the donkey track, I squirmed among the 15 or so fierce-looking men packed in beside me. Two sheep and a passenger on the frail roof threw the bus out of balance, and every so often splintered glass from the windows showered onto my lap.

We were on the fringe of the great Mosul plain, leaving Semitic Mesopotamia. The mountains of Kurdistan filled the horizon ahead. We drove through villages of strangely garbed Yezidi devil wor-

shippers, of Moslem Kurds, Catholic Chaldeans, and Nestorian Assyrians, and passed rich fields of grain that had once fed Nineveh.

At long last, at the very edge of the foothills, I staggered out into the open place of the Chaldean town of Al Qosh. Turbaned and baggy-trousered boys of this most ancient of Catholic towns eyed me curiously.

I stood beside a huge stone crusher, powered by a mule. Bare-walled and flat-roofed stone houses, dominated by a massive church, faced clean, narrow, cobbled streets. Women, with jars to fill at the well, or men intent on trade passed by.

A boy, commissioned to lead me to the home of one of the priests, came up to me. This town of 6,000 souls was entirely Catholic, with the exception of the governor, a charming and popular Bahai, and a family of three Jews charged with

*411 W. 59th St., New York City 19. June, 1955. © 1955 by the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle, and reprinted with permission.

the care of the tomb of the prophet Nahum. Three secular priests and monks from the near-by monastery served the parish; and my guide led me to the house where one of the curates lived with his parents.

The priest was a man of real oriental charm and gentleness, but an impressive figure with his long beard, black turban, and wide-sleeved robe. He showed a spirit of understanding and scientific inquiry that proved the Chaldean clergy, thanks to the training given by the Dominicans of Mosul, were in an equal position intellectually with those of the West.

However, it was not in the village that I was to stay, but in Deir ed-Seidi, the Monastery of Our Lady, a scant mile away. Outside, the monastery presented only stark square walls and loopholes for defense. Inside, I found myself in an austere courtyard. From there I was led to the *diwan* to be received by the Lord Abbot.

The *diwan* was a long, dark room with tapestry-covered walls, round which ran a broad seat. On this, sat the Lord Abbot, two monks, and a number of peasants. The abbot's weak French and my weak Arabic and ignorance of Syriac made our conversation more polite than lengthy. Later, I ate a good meal of rice, delicious bread, and cheese. As dusk fell, and I felt the fatigue of my journey, I went to bed and slept soundly, after asking to be awakened in time for the

chanting of the morning Office.

My awakening was dramatic. Every Englishman who travels in the Middle East seems to be considered a member of the Secret Service until proof is given to the contrary. I had truthfully declared to the monks that I was a seminarian whose studies had been interrupted by military call-up. But I was to be put to the test.

For two years I had been accustomed to the mediocre comfort of an army bed. Now I was in the bedroom used on occasion by no less a person than the Patriarch of the Chaldeans, whose jurisdiction extended over the 14 bishops of the Synod of All the East. But the patriarchal bed was made of wooden planks, and I was cushioned only by a thin quilt.

When I woke up, I was first of all conscious of my bones, and then of an extraordinary tension in the air! At my door a monk was hammering and shouting: "*Benedicamus Domino!*" In his first dim moments of consciousness the British spy would be revealed! For some seconds I struggled with memories. Suddenly, "*Deo Gratias!*" I bawled, and the strange atmosphere of suspicion fell like a slack rope. I was, beyond reasonable doubt, a seminarian.

But I was learning something. Here were no miserable Christian proselytes, groveling at the foreigner's feet for protection from Moslem powers or seeking cushy jobs as

his agents; but a proud and independent people who knew how to look after themselves. The Chaldeans had solidly supported the Iraqi government rather than be the hirelings of any imperialist. Nor was I ever given precedence superior to that due any guest, native or from abroad.

The Chaldeans were proud of their magnificent costumes; proud, too, of the illuminated manuscripts used for singing the Office; above all, proud of their Catholic fervor.

"How many people go regularly to Mass?" I asked a monk one morning, as we swung along the stony road to town at dawn. The church bells beckoned us along, and on the roofs I could see women doing the same chores in the same way they had been done 6,000 years ago.

"Everybody, without exception," replied the monk. "Our people are well instructed: nearly everyone knows the catechism. The Iraqi government gives us our boys' school and pays our teachers, and the priests are free to go there and give an hour's religious instruction a day. And our whole life turns on religion. There is no holy day of obligation today, but wait till you see the church this morning!"

"I notice everybody here is hard at work," I said, "and the standard of living seems pretty high. Everything is very clean, and you appear to have clever craftsmen. The water mill there gets up a terrific pres-

sure in the vertical shaft. It looks quite small, but it turns a massive stone at an astonishing speed!"

"You know," replied the monk, "that's always the way of you Western people. You think you are the only ones to have become civilized. We haven't been able to develop electricity and gasoline engines, but we are quite capable of making a civilized way of life with the simpler means at our disposal, and that is not due to any European influence."

"Then why is it that people like this Yezidi approaching us are so backward?" We stopped to exchange courtesies with a walking bundle of rags. As we spoke, a weary smile gave the object a more human look.

"These poor Yezidis," explained the monk, "worship Satan; and they have a chief who takes away all their earnings, leaving them barely enough on which to live. He forbids them to learn to read and write, for fear they would rebel against his oppression and deception. His village was Christian like ours until the 8th century, but now look at them!"

We were nearing the church. Had my companion been a priest, small boys would have been darting forth to kiss his hand. But the monks are ordained only when there is real need of more priests; most are subdeacons, as are a number of men in every Chaldean parish, ordained so that the Office

may be daily celebrated with solemnity.

We went into the courtyard, where the liturgy is celebrated in the summer months, then through a small door to the church itself. Dim wax lights were all I could see at first. Then at the back, behind a low wall, the turbans and silver ornaments of women appeared in the gloom.

In front of the massive wall and the curtain that separated the sanctuary from it, some scores of boys chanted furiously. Around them were hundreds of men, too closely packed together to be able to seat themselves on the prayer mats that were the church's chief furniture. Every imaginable variety of Arab, Kurdish, and Persian dress could be seen.

When we left the church an hour later, the monk remarked about my awe at this liturgical fervor. But he had a few more surprises up his sleeve for me. "Now," he said, "how would you like to visit the devil worshipers?"

Of all the weird murk of the first strange heresies on the fringes between Christianity and esoteric cults—Gnostics, Manichaeans, Bogomils and Cathari—the Yezidis must be the last dark survival. They have an ancient code of morality impossibly strict. They think that the material world was made by an inferior or even evil god, sometimes considered to be the god of the Old Testament as

opposed to the New. For the Yezidis, this inferior god is the object of their worship; they call him Satan, and neglect the supreme God, Allah, although they believe in Him.

As I left the monastery with the monk on my way to visit them the next day, the other monks gave me a word of advice. "Don't say the word *Shitan* (Satan)," they said, "or any word sounding like it. The Yezidis are very kindly people, but if you do either of those two things they will be obliged to kill you immediately."

However, nothing untoward happened. I had a cup of tea in the sanctuary of their temple, where there was nothing more sinister for the moment than the smell from a stable beneath.

Had we been Moslems there would have been scowls, furtive whisperings, and a fingering of knives to discourage our stay, but they were friends with the Christians. They even visited the abbot later on with Easter greetings. The chief of the village was hospitable, but the atmosphere was one of poverty and, worse still, of joylessness. On one of their tombstones was written: "He was a decent fellow; he made decent coffee."

I was glad to be in a Catholic monastery for Easter. For nine hours the night before I listened to the thunder of Eastern worship. All sense of time had vanished. The Lord Abbot, seated cross-legged

before a mighty parchment tome laid on his prayer mat, was surrounded by his monks. The light of two yellow tapers flickered on beards, turbans, and Syriac manuscripts.

Small boys had come of their own free will to this unending Office. I saw their reverent faces take on a new light as they watched the Good Thief trying to slip into Paradise past the Angel Guardian (a hefty deacon standing at the royal door of the sanctuary with a long staff in his hand), to succeed only when he produced the cross of Christ.

Later, I toiled up a huge cliff overlooking Al Qosh to where the great Raban Hormuzd and his followers had in the 8th century honeycombed the rock with their

hermitages. I wandered for a time in dark sanctuaries and cells burrowed into the very bowels of the mountain, where monks still live.

I stood with the superior on an ancient parapet poised over the vast gulf beneath. The town was far, far below. We looked over the fields of Mesopotamia; beyond that was the desert; and farther still, in the steep cobbled streets of old Jerusalem, Catholics were thronging to the churches of Roman and Greek and Armenian and Syriac rites. From Jerusalem one's thoughts traveled to Rome; from Al Qosh to Australia and the Andes and the Rockies, where Catholics of every race and rite were sharing the joy of Easter in union with their Holy Father, to whom the risen Saviour had entrusted them.

Innocence Abroad

NINE-YEAR-OLD Peter had been pawing over a stationer's stock of greeting cards for a long time when a clerk asked him, "Can I help you find what you're looking for, son? Birthday card? Get-well card? Anniversary congratulations to your mother and dad?"

"Not exactly," said the little boy, shaking his head. Then wistfully, "You got anything in the line of blank report cards?"

Machinist.



DAD HAD taken his youngest son to the pet shop to pick out a pup as a birthday present. The lad spent half an hour looking over the assortment of pooches in the window.

"Decided which one you want?" asked father.

"Yes," replied the boy, pointing to one puppy which was wagging his tail enthusiastically, "the one with the happy ending."

Tracks.

Why Russians Are Poor Farmers

*Substandard soil, wrong weather, and
too much bureaucracy*

By RAY CROMLEY

Condensed from the *Town Journal**

FOOD SHORTAGES in Russia give the world its best hope for peace in many years. The specter of the kind of famine that swept the USSR in the 30's haunts Russian leaders today.

Right now, few people are actually starving in Russia. There's no shortage of bread, yet. There are no outward signs of revolt. But Russia's agricultural troubles are bad enough so that the Russians will be cautious about getting into war.

That's the opinion of a man in our State department who is an expert on Russian agriculture. This man reads the reports of our agricultural attaché in Moscow; he has access to interviews with Russians who have fled the country; he sees the reports of friendly agents who observe Soviet crops as well as Soviet guns.

He knows as much about the real situation as any American can, and I found his thoughts echoed by other Russian specialists to whom I've talked in our State department and our Department of Agriculture.

The plain fact is, Russian farmers aren't delivering as much food as they did in 1928, yet the population has increased since then by 60 million.

Khrushchev reported to the communist Central committee as early as 1953 that "there is cause for alarm." The greatest shortage is livestock. Khrushchev admitted that Russia had lost a third of her cows between 1928 and 1953, chiefly because of the farmers' resistance to collectivization in 1929 and losses in the 2nd World War. She had fewer sheep and goats than 25 years earlier. Hogs had increased only 3%. "Our lag in animal husbandry has become chronic," he said.

Khrushchev didn't give grain figures. But our Department of Agriculture experts have been able to piece together the picture from Soviet reports. They estimate that Russia is producing less bread grains than before the 2nd World War. By Russian admission, "the decline in the potato harvest is alarming." Vegetables and feed grains also are on the decline.

Our specialists believe that

*230 W. Washington Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. July, 1955. © 1955 by the Farm Journal, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Khrushchev and his army of bureaucrats will be able to whip farmers into doing a little better, temporarily, with their drive to till millions of acres of new land. But over the long run they see little chance that the Reds can keep up with their growing population, unless they're willing to pinch a little on their armament program.

There are four good reasons for this view: obstacles that can't be overcome by any amount of exhortation or punishment. They are: 1. the soil; 2. the weather; 3. lack of incentive; 4. red tape. Let's look at them briefly, one at a time.

The soil. It's against big farm increases. True, there's a rich black-earth region in Southeast Russia. But most Soviet land would be classed as substandard in the U.S.

The "new" lands Khrushchev is depending on for big crop boosts are of about the same quality as the farmlands being abandoned in the U.S. They won't produce well without large amounts of fertilizer; yet Red fertilizer output is less

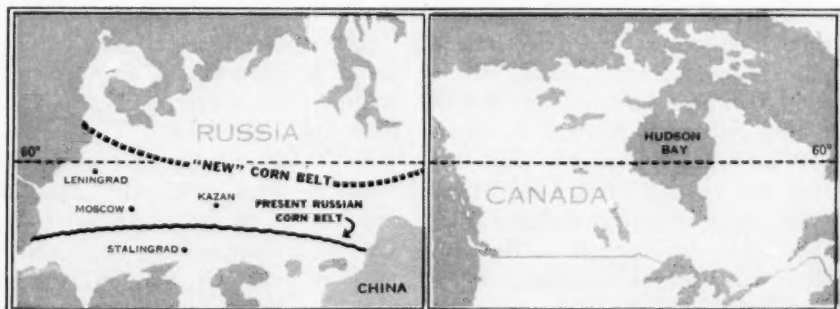
than a third of that of the U.S.

Weather is Khrushchev's second big headache, and one that he can't do much about. The warm South is too dry. The rain-rich North is too cold.

Irrigation would help in the South. Stalin had plans for irrigation projects, but the war-industry drive slowed them down to a crawl. Khrushchev, too, could order irrigation projects—but at the cost of weakening his armament program.

The northern "new" lands are especially bad for growing corn, which is the major aim in Khrushchev's drive for livestock feed. The growing season is irregular and very short, the climate cold and raw. Permafrost is a problem in many areas. Crop failures are frequent.

Lack of incentive. The communist system itself works against higher output. Says an official who fled the Reds, "Farmers openly steal grain from collective warehouses; they idle on the job; they



think of community property as nobody's responsibility."

V. Yefimov, of the Astrakhan region, wrote to his paper recently, complaining about how corn was planted. "It was sown, just anywhere, even on bad land, for the sake of making a report. Three fourths of the corn died because of poor care."

Agronomist M. Smirnov, on a state farm in Kokchetav, says in a letter to his paper that poultry farming is done in such a way that "eggs cost five times as much to produce as they cost when you buy them in the market."

Engineer L. Sarayev, at a Kirgis farm-tractor station, writes his farm paper that "work on farm machinery is done so poorly that equipment breaks down often."

Comrade V. Kornilov writes to *Pravda* from Lithuania, "At many collectives the grain lies under the open sky, gets wet, then rots."

Party Boss Khrushchev admits that "harvesting delays on many collectives have caused losses up to one fourth of the crop."

There are plenty of reasons for this shiftlessness. The government pays little and takes much. Average livestock farmers on Soviet Union collectives received less than 35¢ for a day's work last year. But they are so hard pressed to deliver what the government demands that they ship unfattened cattle and hogs. Khrushchev complains that a fifth of the hogs delivered last

year weighed less than 66 pounds.

Government collections of grain, corn, and fodder are sometimes so great that there isn't enough left to feed the farms' animals through the winter.

No wonder Khrushchev has warned his Communist party leaders that Red farmers need incentives! But the low prices and the high collections are required by Khrushchev's own arms program.

Red tape. Khrushchev sent out thousands of experts to help farmers increase the crops. But one of these, at a tractor station near Kiev, tells why he couldn't get out to help the farmers with their plowing: "Paper work! Some days, 30 to 40 letters arrive from the provincial office alone."

Bureaucratic producers of farm machinery are more interested in quotas than in quality. V. Kulba, chairman of a collective in the Bryansk region, writes, "We have received 12 grain driers to help with our harvest. Unfortunately, the State Farm Machinery factory delivered these driers without motors."

Says shop manager Lavrentyev about a government farm-tractor station, "We do have tractors. But there isn't any fuel."

So it's no surprise that underfed Russian cows give only half as much milk as American cows do. Or that an acre of corn yields about 40% of ours. Or that an acre of wheat produces only 70% of ours.

Khrushchev wants to know how American farmers can grow so much. That's why he sent 12 of his farm experts over for a one-month visit last July.

But U. S. experts think that what the Reds learned won't help them much. Red scientists already can produce fine hybrids; their top agronomists are able men. Red experimental farms have excellent yields.

Our experts think the Reds can't beat the bad land and the bad weather, plus the incentive-crushing weight of state ownership, bureaucracy, low prices, and the stupendous levies necessitated by Russia's arms program.

If Russian leaders get the point, and ease up on their arms drive in order to keep their own population from starving, world peace may become more than a hope.



Tall Tales of Texas

A MIDDLE-WESTERN couple of modest means decided to spend a fall vacation visiting relatives in Dallas, Tex. They left home the third week in October and returned the first week in November.

The neighbors noted to their surprise that the wife was wearing a mink coat, and that the battered family Chevy had been replaced by a bright yellow Cadillac. "We thought you'd just gone for a visit," one of them remarked. "Why didn't you tell us you were out hunting uranium?"

"Uranium? Oh, you mean the car and the coat. No, nothing like that. We happened to be there over Halloween, and we went out for 'tricks or treats.'"

H.L.

Two roughly dressed men wearing ten-gallon hats strolled into a swanky automobile showroom in Houston. One of them climbed into a bright red convertible, pushed the pedals, gripped the wheel, and prodded the upholstery. The other simply walked around it, nodding approval.

A salesman strolled up. "Pretty nice chariot you got here, son," remarked the man at the wheel. "We'll take it. Now, be a good fellow and drive it out to the curb for us."

"That," replied the salesman frostily, "is our El Dorado custom model. It sells for \$10,000. What kind of financing did you have in mind?"

"I always pay cash," retorted the man, whipping out a king-size roll of bills and starting to peel some off.

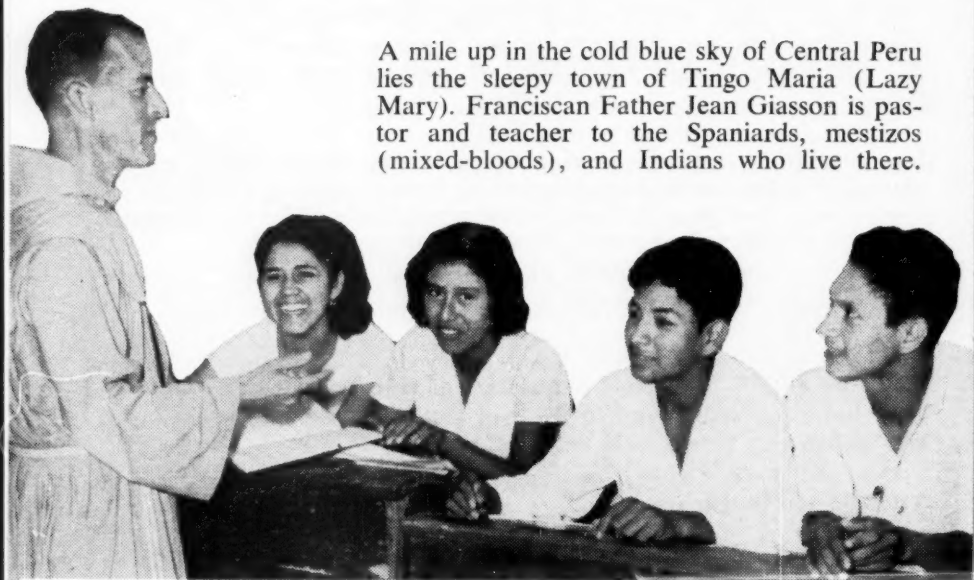
"No, you don't, Charlie," his companion cut in. "I'm paying this time. After all, you bought the lunch."

American Weekly (31 July '55).



MISSIONARY ON WHEELS

A mile up in the cold blue sky of Central Peru lies the sleepy town of Tingo Maria (Lazy Mary). Franciscan Father Jean Giasson is pastor and teacher to the Spaniards, mestizos (mixed-bloods), and Indians who live there.





Some 4,000 people live in Tingo Maria and on the slopes of the Andes mountains which surround her. Behind Main street, you can see La Bella Dormiente (Sleeping Beauty) in the mountains. It was from Tingo Maria that Francisco Pizarro and other conquistadors set out to conquer Bolivia, Argentina, and Chile.

FRANCISCO PIZARRO, the Spanish explorer, and his brother, Hernando, sailed from Panama with three ships, 180 men, and 27 horses. It was January, 1531. Their destination: the west coast of South America. Their objective: to conquer the Inca empire.

When Pizarro reached Peru in 1532, the empire of the sun-worshipping Incas extended over about half of South America.

It was from Tingo Maria that the conquistadors launched their expedition to conquer Bolivia, Argentina, and Chile.

The Indian of the mountains (at right) is poor, but well fed and resourceful. He is a direct descendant of the famed Incas.





Peru is on the Pacific ocean; but, with a balsa raft like this, one can travel almost 3,000 miles down the Huallaga river to the Atlantic. Father uses it to reach remote Indian villages. It's easier than hacking one's way through the dense jungle.

To visit the sick, the padre travels by bicycle over rutty paths across huge plantations. He is often a counselor, a part-time doctor, a letter writer, a reader.



TINGO MARIA
ALTURA: 667'9 Mts.





Father Giasson is almost as poor as his parishioners. Not long ago, someone sent him a little money; and he used it to buy slides and swings for his 30 students. He uses the slide too.

If the trip is a long one, Father rides the bus along with the Indians, bounces over mountain roads; then hikes the rest of the way through the jungle. He wears out a pair of sturdy sandals in a month, and prays that his feet will remain as durable as his knees.



When the workers carry their corn to market, Father blesses them and prays for a fair price for their products. In time, he becomes familiar with the common family problems of his flock, and is regarded by all as *simpatico*.

He finds as many gentlemen in overalls



The Indian women carry their babies on their backs as they go to work in the fields.



To raise the gold cross a bit higher the Indians built a special scaffolding alongside the Franciscan mission church.

Photography by Richard Harrington

*He finds as many gentlemen in overalls
as he finds in charcoal gray suits*

Father Powers of the Boston Water Front

By FRED FLOWERS
Condensed from the *Victorian**

FOR MORE than a year Boston's water front has been as peaceful as a tea party. Quickie strikes, once specialized in by Boston longshoremen, are a thing of the past, mainly because of the efforts of one man, a priest. He is 52-year-old Father John Thomas Powers.

The dramatic change dates back to February, 1954, when the 17 Boston locals of the International Longshoremen's Association Independent and the Boston Shipping association signed a new collective-bargaining agreement. The pact called for appointment of an impartial arbitrator.

The longshoremen nominated Father Powers. The shippers endorsed the nomination. Father Powers thus became the first clergyman in New England to hold

the job of umpiring their disputes.

Longshoremen have not lost a day's work since because of labor conflict. Not that the parties stopped feuding. They still disagree often, but they have learned it is more profitable to accept Father Powers' decisions than to be stubborn. In the first year they called on him to arbitrate 36 disputes. Each dispute contained the ingredients of a walk-off that could have mushroomed into a port tie-up.

In most cases, Father Powers reached the scene before the men stopped work. Now, they continue working despite conflict until Father Powers adjudicates. He gives on-the-spot decisions, sometimes a few minutes after arrival, if the case is not complicated. Often, he himself tells the men what he



*Lackawanna 18, N. Y. September, 1955. © 1955, and reprinted with permission.

thinks would be a "fair thing," short-circuiting the usual line of communication to them through an official.

Father Powers is a broad-shouldered, stout man of average height. His hair is gray, streaked with a disappearing brown; he has a full face, a ready smile and wit, and a mild voice tempered by the merest touch of an Irish accent—just right for the Lowell-born son of parents from County Cork.

He is not one to use clichés to hide ignorance. He really grapples with a problem from the inside until he has all the facts. If it is a distress-cargo issue (most disagreements are) he climbs into the hold to experience the conditions himself. He declares the consignment distress cargo and awards special rates of pay if, in his opinion, the men endanger health or safety, or suffer hardship, to handle it.

His waterfront education began three years ago, when Archbishop Richard Cushing of Boston appointed him pastor of St. Vincent's, close to the wharves. Industrialization has elbowed aside the dwellings until now factories and warehouses threaten to engulf the church. Many longshoremen still live in this district and are Father Powers' parishioners; 75% of all Boston's longshoremen are Catholics. Father Powers soon got to know his parishioners.

About this time, Archbishop Cushing was developing his plan

to take religion to the people. He had a theory, which proved correct, that workers and travelers with a few minutes to spare would visit a church for Mass or prayer if the church was easily accessible. He established the chapel of Our Lady of the Airways at Boston's international airport; then two years ago, he moved into Father Powers' parish to set up a chapel by Commonwealth pier. He appointed Father Powers director, a duty that tied in with Father Powers' growing interest in waterside matters.

Our Lady of Good Voyage chapel stands on a small triangle of land donated by the railroad. Longshoremen come there for morning Mass and midday Rosary.

Father Powers liked to hear the rattle of the winches, to watch the men handling the lifts and the goods from countries far away. He was quickly on the spot that day in 1953 when explosions, fire, and fumes trapped men in the hold of the *Black Falcon*. He comforted wives and mothers waiting for news of husbands and sons. He was among the first to board the smoldering ship to bring solace and Extreme Unction to the dying.

By 1954, the longshoremen had grown accustomed to seeing him around the wharves. They naturally talked with him about the negotiations with shippers for a new contract. If they asked him for advice he gave it; otherwise, he just listened.

"Priests wield no rod of iron over their men in this country," he says. "They respect a priest's opinions on religious matters, but the opinion of a priest on other matters is just another opinion."

His presence at union meetings does not make much difference to the manners of members. They still speak their minds and use heated language when they feel a need for it. But, Father Powers concedes, their choice of words is perhaps more dignified when he is there than when he is absent.

Father Powers is probably the only arbitrator in the business who is also a card-carrying member of the locals in whose field he arbitrates. The shippers don't regard his position of union member-union adviser-arbitrator as peculiar. The manager of the Boston Shipping association, Tom Smiddy, says, "We believe Father Powers is doing an excellent job. He has shown no bias. We don't always agree with his decisions but we are happy to abide by them because we know they are based on honest appraisals and backed by a sound knowledge of the water front and human relations.

"Of course we know of his close contact with labor. He is more than an arbitrator. His advice to longshoremen, and to us too, has helped to banish uncertainty from the water front. It has put more money into the pockets of longshoremen and reduced shippers'

overhead costs from labor trouble."

Nobody, to Father Powers' knowledge, has questioned the advisability of appointing a cleric to such a post. Only one other priest in the U.S. has a similar appointment. He is Father Dennis Comey, a labor arbitrator in Philadelphia.

A few days after becoming arbitrator in February last year Father Powers hurried to the water front to arbitrate his first case, one with possible international complications. Longshoremen were determined not to unload Soviet wool and furs from a communist satellite vessel.

Father Powers talked quietly to the men, in the hold. "You all know where I stand on communism. But this cargo has been cleared by the Customs department and the State department. The State department runs our country's international affairs, not us. Whether you like it or not, you must abide by the State department's decisions. If you disagree with the administration you can vote against it at the next elections. In the meantime, the majority must rule. You have to go along with the State department."

That dispute collapsed in ten minutes. The men handled the cargo.

In June last year, longshoremen claimed distress rates for handling hoof and horn meal, and bones for fertilizer from the *Bowplate*. Here is how Father Powers described the case later in his written re-

port. "The bags were mostly rotted. The bones had to be taken out in tubs because when they were hoisted in the bags, the bones tumbled down on the men in the hold, and the rotten bags of meal caused considerable dust, which the men had to breathe."

He granted distress wages.

When a disagreement occurs, a union or shippers' representative calls Father Powers to say he will stop by in a few minutes to pick him up. On the way to the wharf, Father Powers gets the background of the dispute. Let's join him on the North African cargo case of last February.

The longshoremen had refused to handle mica in rotten jute bags unless they got distress rates. During the car ride to the wharf, ILA delegate Tom Kennedy said, "This is a bad case, Father. When they try to handle the stuff the bags split and the mica spills everywhere."

In the shed, the BSA manager, Tom Smiddy, said, "Father, they already get extra pay for handling mica. We allowed for conditions like these when we fixed in the contract a rate for mica higher than ordinary cargo rates. They shouldn't get any more than that."

Father Powers did not commit himself. With Kennedy, he walked up the gangway. He picked his way over uncoiled ropes to the open hatch. Kennedy shouted down, "Father wants you to handle some

of the mica bags while he watches."

When the men pulled upon the ears of several bags they fell apart, releasing mica and dust. The priest said, "It'll take them about four hours to unload the 800 bags. Tell them I'll allow them one and a half hours at the higher rate. That'll give them about four dollars extra," he said.

The men were disappointed. "Come on," Kennedy called down. "I think it's worth two hours, but Father's made up his mind. You gotta take an hour and a half."

Father Powers leaned over the hatch and said, "If you take an hour and a half you'll be better off. Otherwise you'll get only the fixed bulk rate, which is lower. You've got to unload the stuff. If you don't, you break the contract and your own local will have you up."

They took the hour and a half, with a smile. Longshoremen seem to enjoy bargaining with Father Powers, although they know that it is hard to shift him once he has made up his mind.

Back on the wharf after the dispute, the local ILA secretary Jim McGarry stepped out of his gang. McGarry has a keen sense of responsibility to his members and to the port of Boston. But he had his ire up over the mica.

"We've told 'em (shippers' representatives) before about this mica, Father," he said. "But they do nothing. They think we're stupid.

Why, only this morning they ordered us to sweep the wharf. That's not our job, and they know it. Then they complained that the wool packs were gettin' dirty when they dropped in the mud on the wharf. We didn't put the mud there. We didn't make the rain. We ain't God.

"But there are much worse things on that ship than mica. Didn't you notice that the regulation safety net is not under the gangplank and that the decks are strewn with rope and lumber? Longshoremen could trip over this junk and injure themselves."

"You should arrange another conference with the shippers to correct these things," replied Father Powers. "Prepare a good case before you go into conference, and stick to it. Pick your spokesmen before you go in and let them do the talking."

"You've spoiled good cases in the past by letting everyone who turns up have his say. You've got to stop those fellows from hollering. At the last meeting they were yelling 'Chiselers!' at the shippers while you were trying to put your case." McGarry agreed with the priest.

Father Powers says the New York water front is a jungle compared to Boston's. New York is only 200 miles away, but it could be another country as far as longshoremen are concerned. A few years ago, racketeers tried to muscle in on the Boston water front,

but the men ran them out of town.

"Some people seem to think men are criminals if they work on the water front. Of course, longshoremen are tough. Handling heavy cargoes is not a job for sissies. They work in the gloom of bad-smelling holds among rotting bags, their eyes smarting with dust, their heads bowed under showers of trash.

"Often they handle dangerous chemicals, ammunition, oil-soaked packages. They catch skin diseases from furs and skins. They develop rashes from the bites of strange tropical bugs that have traveled across the world. They are killed and injured in ship's fires. Yet they keep on working this port; they report each day for the shape (where gangs are assigned to ships), despite the hazards.

"Their critics should try dock work when the temperature is 10° below, with a wind whipping across the bay. Yes, they've got to be tough, but being tough doesn't make them thugs. I have found that the proportion of gentlemen in overalls along Boston's water front is at least as high as the proportion is among businessmen in charcoal gray you see in the more salubrious city sections."

Father Powers served his apprenticeship in human relations at the bottom of Beacon Hill. He was curate at St. Joseph's church, in Boston's west end, for 22 years. Among his parishioners were some of the

rich on the hill, and the poor down below, who live in one of the great melting pots of the nation.

Part of his parish responsibility was the Suffolk County jail, where he was chaplain for 15 years, and the Boston juvenile court, for five years. At one time there were 16 murderers among his "parishioners" at the jail.

"There were always a lot of 'Catholics' at that jail," he says, with a wry grin. "Many put themselves down as Catholics because they figured they would get a better deal from the officials, most of whom had Irish names."

Today he can't walk along a sidewalk in some of the so-called tough districts of Boston without being hailed affectionately by men he first met and advised behind iron bars, men who are going

straight now, and men who are not.

Father Powers hasn't much time for routine social workers. "They are too bookish and too scientific," he says. "A college education is a great start, but it's a failure as a foundation if it is not supported by common sense and a heart. You must have a feel for the people you are trying to help. You must dive in among them, become part of their lives, and be accepted by them, to know them and reach them. You can bring people up to your standards if you lift them inch by inch, and not too fast."

Father Powers added, "I will continue as arbitrator and union adviser as long as I'm wanted. The aim of everyone interested in Boston's water front is to make it the speediest, happiest, and most economical port on the Atlantic coast."



Spring arrived and unpacked before February's lease was up.

Lloyd C. Douglas

One woman's poise is another woman's pose.

Mary C. Dorsey

Waves shampooing the shore.

Mary C. Dorsey

A baby caterpillaring across the floor.

Dorothy Hofbauer

Willow daintily trailing her skirt across the lawn.

Joyce La Berge

Locomotive wearing a plume of smoke.

R. C. Hutchinson

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

*A terrifying boyhood experience prepared him for his
role in the Iroquois theater fire*

Eddie Foy's Greatest Act

By FRANK SCULLY
Condensed from *Variety**

EVERY TIME I hear an emcee remark, "This program is spontaneous and unrehearsed," I have to muffle a Bronx cheer. Almost every great performance, if you research the thing far enough, seems to have had its share of rehearsals.

Take the performance of Eddie Foy at the Iroquois-theater fire back in Christmas week of 1903. It doesn't get much footage in *The Seven Little Foy's*, but without Eddie's cool courage, the death toll might have been tripled, and there might never have been any little Foy's at all.

On that disastrous occasion, 2,400 people were packed into a brand-new theater built to accommodate 1,600. Although the fire was extinguished within eight minutes, 602 persons were crushed or burned to death. But many more would have died if it had not been

for the man in the ridiculous Mother Hubbard dress and clown's hat who kept telling them, "Take your time, folks. Don't get excited. If you keep cool, you'll be in no danger." Foy was the last man to leave the stage. Those who didn't heed his advice died at the rate of nearly 100 a minute.

Eddie's rehearsal for that performance had occurred 32 years before, during the second week of October, 1871. He was 15 at the time. The widow Fitzgerald (the real name of the Foy's) was living with a widowed daughter and her 18-month-old baby in a district where the north and south branches of the Chicago river separated the rich from the poor.

They had come from New York to Chicago after Eddie's father, who had been shot in the shoulder in the second Battle of Bull Run, went insane, fell into the East river, and drowned.



*154 W. 46th St., New York City 36. July 6, 1955. © 1955 by Variety, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Eddie's first memory of Chicago was seeing Abraham Lincoln in a casket. His mother got a job nursing Mrs. Lincoln, whose mind became unbalanced at the loss of her husband and her son Tad.

So by the time Eddie was a teenager, he was practically living the part of a character in a Russian novel. But he had never been called on to think himself out of a predicament until the Chicago fire began scorching the neck of the poor.

The second night of the fire, Eddie was awakened by bells ringing at Decoven and Jefferson Sts. As the engines came tearing down the dusty streets, Eddie's mother finally got him up. When she learned that the fire had leaped across the river near Polk St., she decided that something had to give. People were running in all directions.

To be on the safe side, Mrs. Fitzgerald said, "Eddie, you take Bernard (the baby) and go up to the Jacksons till the fire is over. If our house doesn't burn, come back here in the morning. If it does, we'll join you at the Jacksons'."

The Jacksons lived at the corner of Lake and Dearborn, just south of the main Chicago river. The fire would have to burn through the business section to reach them, and that seemed impossible.

Eddie took the baby and trudged northward, but he could see flames leaping into the air, and the farther he went the more scared he got. He looked back, and was sure the

fire had already taken their house.

The tumult was growing worse on all sides. Men were hurrying about looking for wagons to save their furniture, and when Foy reached the Jacksons he found that they were moving out, too. They wanted to know what in the name of heaven he was doing there with the baby.

"Get across the river or down to the lake front, quick!" they ordered.

There he stood, dazed, holding a baby in his arms; but the flames were coming their way and sparks were carried far ahead by the wind. He feared he might even be cut off from an escape. It was clear to him that if he were to save the baby he would have to do it unassisted. Every bridge he headed toward was jammed with traffic. Everybody was cursing and screaming, crying and fighting. He kept heading eastward, but he ran into more trouble crossing streets because drivers were utterly reckless of people on foot.

Trying to shield the baby, he was knocked this way and that by hysterical refugees. Sparks and burning embers were falling in showers, and Eddie was afraid that some of them would set the baby's clothes on fire. He protected the baby's head with the flap of his coat. This also muffled the baby's cries.

By the time Eddie reached Michigan Ave., the baby was getting painfully heavy. Eddie began to worry. What had become of his

mother and sisters? If they were still alive, how would they ever find each other again? Wagonloads of household goods passed him at full gallop, some drivers unaware that the rear of their loads were blazing.

Taking a final chance, Eddie dashed across the last street to the lake shore. It was not a guarantee of safety, because many people went far out and were drowned. Eddie made a bed of men's fine \$10 suits which had been dragged to the shore, and there he and the baby slept while the fire burned itself out.

It was reported that the South Side had been spared, and Eddie decided to go around that way, cross the river, and come back on the west bank, hoping to find the site of his home. It turned out to be impossible to cross the business section; the ruins were still glowing hot. Eddie zigzagged through the edge of the burned district, seeing thousands like himself wandering around in search of their families.

Then it began to rain. Now Eddie was afraid little Bernard would catch his death of cold. They were both ravenously hungry, and the baby cried incessantly. Eddie learned that his home neighborhood had been burned over completely. After a day of trying to get home he was fagged out and soaking wet from the rain. Then he noticed that the churches were headquarters for refugees.

He decided to stop at the next one he saw, which happened to be four or five miles away. He staggered to it, and sank down on the steps. Kind women gathered around the dismal pair, took the baby from his arms, and brought Eddie inside, where he could dry himself before a stove. He grew drowsy and fell asleep, surrounded by people nearly as bad off as himself, all, nevertheless, helping each other.

Refreshed after 12 hours' sleep, he was awakened by the smell of hot coffee. He asked one of the women to take care of Bernard while he went to see about his family.

"No, you stay right here," she commanded. "We'll try to do that for you. You'd never find them wandering around."

The waiting was agony for Eddie. About 36 hours later, a man with a paper in his hand came to him, and said, "Are you Eddie Fitzgerald?"

"Yes, sir," said Eddie.

"Your mother and sisters are at the Scammond school, Madison and Holstead."

Assuming that his family had heard news of him, Eddie burst in on them, the baby in his arms, and gave them the shock of their lives. They wept and kissed each other over and over, and who wouldn't?

It was a minor part, perhaps, that Eddie Foy played in the first of Chicago's great fire disasters. But it helped prepare him for a starring role in the second one.

The Four Rivers of Paradise

REVIEW BY JOSEPH B. CONNORS

THINGS ARE really looking up for lovers of fine historical fiction. The historical novel, after being abducted and shamefully maltreated by drugstore buccaneers, seems once more to be safely back where it belongs: in the hands of people who are both good novelists and good historians.

Nobody has played a more important part in the rescue operations than Helen C. White, Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin. She has shown herself to be both a magnetic storyteller and an astonishingly versatile recreator of the past in one well-wrought novel after another: *A Watch in the Night, Not Built With Hands, To the End of the World, Dust on the King's Highway*, and now, *The Four Rivers of Paradise*.

This time she carries us back to a stormy place and time: Rome and the Mediterranean world during the twilight days of the Empire. On the first page we join young Hilary of Bordeaux as he waits for the mists to lift "on the very rim of Rome and the world's wonder." As the heir to great estates, he has been sent to the metropolis to pre-

pare himself for a public career.

The Rome into which Hilary rides, on a winter morning in the year 404, is a city in which splendor, violence, sophistication, piety, and corruption are closely intermingled. Christianity has officially replaced paganism, but many Romans have a nostalgic attachment to the old cults, and resent Christian and Barbarian influences. The overhanging menace of savage hordes from the edges of the Empire gives the brilliant social life of Rome the feverish excitement of a tropical island between hurricanes. It is a place of "hate, and murder, and festering heartbreak."

Almost from his first hours in Rome, Hilary is dimly aware that he has somehow embarked on a quest: a quest which is to be the theme of the novel. For what Miss White has done is to tell—with singular grace, power, and psychological insight—the story of the planting and nurturing of a noble vocation.

Hilary is bewildered and horrified by the gladiatorial contests; he is present when a heroic monk stops the spectacle and is torn to pieces by the enraged mob. He is

enchanted by the Nubian dancer, Attis, in whom he finds the enigmatic beauty and the sad wisdom of the desert. In the tragic loveliness of her dance (which seems to prefigure the fall of the city) he finds a certainty "that the beauty of the heart's dream is not an illusion but the surest reality." But he has not yet located the source of that beauty.

Like many other young men who have set out on spiritual quests (like St. Justin Martyr, for example, or Samuel Johnson's Rasselas), he makes the rounds of the fashionable philosophers until he is "tired of listening to other men's thinking." Gradually he realizes that his scale of values involves three loyalties: to family, to Rome, to faith.

These loyalties are dramatically focused by his relationships with a fascinating group of characters. There is the beautiful divorcee Gaia, who embodies the strength and integrity of the old patrician spirit. There is Stilicho, the power behind the imperial throne, a Christianized Barbarian who shows Hilary what an exalted passion civic loyalty can be. There is Pope Innocent I, a great Pontiff and patriot, who never looks upon the Roman panorama without being reminded of the Saviour weeping over Jerusalem. There is the saintly Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in whose church Hilary sees the breath-taking painting of the enthroned Christ, with the four rivers of Paradise foaming from under his feet.

And the influence of certain important figures in the background is exquisitely suggested: Desiderius, the father Hilary never knew, who went off with Martin of Tours to carry the Gospel to the Goths; and Severus, the chronicler beloved of saints and scholars. Finally, there is that strangest of conquerors, Alaric, moodily ordering the sack of the city he venerates.

As usual, Miss White's scenes are touched with the crispness and freshness of an October morning. You'll be haunted, as I have been, by the music of the monastery bell at Nola, "swinging slowly on the late summer air, as if its sweetness were but another shimmer of the brightness of earth and sky." And you, too, will feel the stab of beauty in Hilary's first glimpse of Jerusalem, where the gray stones of the ancient town were "piled heavily against the tired light" of autumn.

If you are inclined to classify historical fiction (either favorably or unfavorably) as "escape" reading, don't forget that it is not just an escape *from* something but an escape *to* something. At its best, it is an escape to an exciting world in which civilized men and women are concerned with serious dramatic issues. That's the kind of world to which Helen C. White will take you.

The Four Rivers of Paradise is published by MacMillan (246 pp. \$3.50). See The Catholic Digest Book Club advertisement on page 3.

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• • the Open Door • •

MY NON-CATHOLIC husband was a war prisoner of the Germans in Italy during the 2nd World War. He and another soldier escaped, and hid in the hills around Rome.

An Italian priest took them to safety in his home at Castelgandolfo, summer residence of the Pope. There my grateful husband was so fired with enthusiasm over the Church that helped him and so many others that he wanted that faith for himself.

He asked for instructions, and two days before the American troops entered Rome, he was baptized and received First Communion. Proudly he bears the name given him in Baptism, Eugene, after the present Pope, Pius XII.

Mrs. John Payne.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]

THE WAR took me to Rome in 1944. I was indifferent to religion but keen on sightseeing. I found myself in a Vatican audience chamber, where an audience with the Pope was imminent.

I was hemmed in. But I had no wish to leave: the Pope would be an additional "sight." I was impressed by that gentle-looking figure, his air of benevolence. Was this the villain of the anti-Catholic stories I had been brought up on?

Other influences worked on me, slowly. Later, on being received into the Church, I recollected that my first step to Rome had been taken in Rome, where my antipathy to the Vicar of Christ had melted upon seeing him face to face.

F. Ellis.

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